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The Seed

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THE SEED

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 9 LNS·UPS·ERO PRICE 35¢



Wanderer '69

THE SEED

Hello again! This is Vol. 4, No. 9 of the Chicago Seed, published just about every two weeks by Seed Publishing, Inc. at 2551 N. Halsted, Chicago, Ill., 60614. Phone 929-0133 to give and get information, and 929-0134 for ads and other busyness. Subscription rates are still \$6 for 26 fun-filled conspiratorial issues, ad and distributor rates will be sent on request. We continue to invite your essays, graphics, and poetry, but can only return unaccepted material that comes with a stamped self-addressed envelope. Seed is a member of Liberation News Service and the Underground Press Syndicate.

This issue was made by Wanderoo, Marshall Rosenthal, Armando, George, Rick, ~~Tommy~~, Eliot Wald, Bill, Lynda Luscious, Abe Peck, Stew Albert, Abbie Hoffman, Al Koss, Colin Pearlson, Camille, John Sinclair, Keith Lampe, Paul Simon, Skip Williamson, The Black Rat, Bugs Bunny, Winsor McKay, Donovan and The Street Gang, and everybody who came by and lent a hand.

WE ARE A PEOPLE

We are a people standing together under the banner of a gentle weed on a revolutionary field. In the past two weeks we've been to Washington and back, sat through hours of hanging at the Conspiracy trial, dropped out of high school, gone to the moon, got busted on an airplane, heard bombs in New York and Spiro Agnew on television, rapped with a rip-off record seller, read letters from strung-out Seed readers in Chi Cu and Da Nang, got high, saw the Rolling Stones, Janis Joplin, and a few movies, listened to Dial-A-Poem, saw a star, felt lonely, read about Pinkville, surveyed the field of graves at Arlington and made another Seed. That's the kind of People we are. Maybe that's the kind of people you are, too. If so, rally round the banner, turn on, and dare to struggle, dare to win!

Seed	2551 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising Up Angry	(messages)	943-1424
Chicago Defender		225-2400
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760

Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
SDS	1608 Madison	666-3874
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Young Patriots	1421 W Wilson	334-8957
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YLO/PEOPLE'S CHURCH	834 W Armitage	549-5407
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VD Clinic	27 E 26th St	842-0222
LSD Rescue		338-6750
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W Belden	549-1002

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No. Shore Anti-Draft		475-2660
Lawndale Assn.		636-7715
Amer. Friends	407 S Dearborn	427-2533

ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student Comm.	357 E Chicago	649-8462
People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880

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Police Emergency		765-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101
Ombudsman	Box 8080, Chi 60680	744-8080

Clark Theater		372-2843



PHOTOS BY ARMANDO

ABBIE'S FLYING RESTAURANT

Stew Albert

When Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Gumbo and I got off the American Airlines jet in Washington and stepped out on the long blue carpeted ramp that leads to the airport escape, a fat line of pigs blocked our passage and threatened doom.

"Are you Hoffman," one of them said while grabbing Jerry Rubin?

"No, that's Abbie," Jerry replied pointing at Gumbo.

Abbie tried a daring getaway disguised as Smiling Jack and claiming to be the pilot. It didn't work, they recognized him from a wanted poster and he was taken to the underground police station that you find in Sproul Hall and every high class airport in America.

"Quit shoving me, I know you're fat," Abbie shouted at a pig who was trying to pull some rough come-along bullshit.

We walked with Abbie and the pigs through the mildly amused but mostly apathetic airport until we arrived at the booking room. Abbie Hoffman, author street fighter and big time defendant was being arrested for calling the stewardess a bitch and standing up on his seat to get a sweater.

The atrocity began in luxurious obscurity.

"Hey, can I order some Champagne," Abbie politely asked the stewardess?

"We don't have any Champagne on board sir," the stewardess viciously replied. She recognized Hoffman and obviously hated every inch of his freedom.

"Well, give me the lousy menu" Abbie requested sweetly.

"You have already seen the menu, sir," the stewardess obscenely replied.

Just then the plane shook and Abbie's sweater suddenly fell on his lap. Startled and bruised by the accident, Abbie stood on his seat to put his sweater back on the overhead rack.

"If you don't sit down sir, I will have to inform the captain," the stewardess screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Stop provoking him, you bitch" an innocent bystanding woman politely asked the stewardess.

"Don't call me a bitch," the stewardess, feigning tears, pointed at Abbie. The stewardess fled to the cockpit and returned moments later.

"The Captain says if you call me a bitch again he will have you arrested."

"So you squealed, huh," Abbie asked? "This is the first time I've been busted by a stewardess. I wonder if I should resist."

THERE WAS VIOLENCE AT THE JUSTICE DEPT.

Abe Peck

A half-million people came to Washington in November. A half-million people are about 530 miles tall if they stand on each other's heads. Richard Nixon is five feet, nine inches tall. Richard Nixon is eleven feet, ten inches tall if he stands on Spiro Agnew's head. How come he looks down on us?

Tonight's paper reports that the United States is the world's most violent "stable" (?) country. It is two-and-one-half times more violent than Finland, the world's second most violent stable country. Attorney General Mitchell agrees that the United States is violent because someone threw a rock through a window at the Department of Justice. The people of Vietnam agree that the United States is violent because they know that five hundred civilians were slaughtered at a town called Pinkville.

It took the people of the United States a year-and-one-half to find out about Pinkville. They found out when two soldiers leaked the news. They didn't find out because Spiro Agnew liberated the networks from the hands of a few "media barons." If it was up to Spiro Agnew, the American people would never have found out about Pinkville.

We are told that we are in Vietnam to defend freedom. One of those "freedoms" is called "freedom of the press."

Washington is a pretty city. A lot of us saw it in
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VIOLENCE AND THE COMMUTER PROTEST

Abbie Hoffman

The swarm of people massed around the Washington monument to protest the war in Vietnam left a lot to be desired. Its size was probably the same if not less than the multitudes that marched on the UN in the spring of 1967. If it proved anything, it proved that mass transportation was improving and people's consciousness about flying down to Washington to rally was about the same decision as to get on a subway and whiz up to Central Park. Our subways have grown wings. The demands have not shifted in two years, the speakers have gotten considerably worse, and the music has taken a downward trend. Peter, Paul, and Mitch (Mitch Miller) leading sing-a-longs (follow the bouncing Mitch) does not exactly convey the idea of a cultural revolution. Seeing the Rolling Stones bang it out in the Amphitheater in Chicago the next night was more intense than the Washington Rally. There were also more fists flying in the air and one got the feeling that the revolution would come from the screechers at the Stones' concert before it resounded from the ranks of the Mobe. The march's dignity had earned the Mobe back its "e" which hopefully it had lost at the Pentagon and in the streets of Chicago. It was sort of like stitching up the hymen of a violated virgin. With its "e" intact the Mobe was now free to mingle once again with its liberal friends on the Hill. It also made it easier for them to forget and abandon

two of their own officials, Dave Dellinger and Rennie Davis, on trial for conspiracy in Chicago. Dellinger and Davis could be forgotten, why not, now they were on friendly terms with the Crematorium or Moratorium or whatever it is. The Moratorium is nothing more than a front for a "McGovern," a campaign for George McGovern for president in 1972. The offices of both the Mobe and the Moratorium have an unhealthy look of permanence, sort of like a massive anti-war business, "PEACE, INC."

The Saturday morning just before the march saw so much mixing of people "from the hill" (as politicians and their flunkies are called in Washington) in the Mobe's Moratorium offices that it looked less like working from within and more like being within from within. In the lobby, "Clean-for-Genes," left over from last year's attempt to regain Amerika's youth, were passing out in a very pushy way thousands of American flags in a desperate attempt to wipe out the stain of seeing Viet Cong flags in the Kapital (his words, not mine). It was as if the United States Information Agency was designing the symbols of the peace movement. If the USIA was designing the props, the FBI must have had a hand in the security. Two days before the event headlines appeared saying, "Peace Movement Not Communist Led, Says FBI," and officials in the Mobetorium-Moralization coalition breathed easier and "thanked God there was still a sense of decency left in J. Edgar Hoover." Was this in exchange for Mobe Marshalls taking over the security of the city? From

now on every yippie who goes to a mass demonstration is forewarned that the Mobe marshalls are paper pigs and should be regarded accordingly. Mobe paper pigs redirected people away from the Justice department demonstration, assisted police at every opportunity, and pointed out known "troublemakers" in the crowd. They performed their role of paper pigs so well that they were singled out for praise by Nixon's chief doorman, Amerika's only non-elected mayor, "Mayor Walter Washington of Washington, D.C.," a negro who makes Whitney Young look like Lumumba.

The basic politics of the event were dissent, over and over the M&Mers were to proclaim. "We do not march against America," "We do not march against the system." Dissent, aside from being a boring magazine, is obscene politics. The Vietnam war didn't just happen when John Kennedy rolled over and whispered in Jackie's ear, "Let's get involved in Vietnam." Isn't that how it's put, the genocide of two million people? I mean, isn't it called "getting involved?" It isn't just Kennedy's war or LBJ's war or Nixon's war, it isn't just an accident like an inflamed appendix in a basically sound body. Vietnam is the natural offspring of a mating between imperialism and racism. They are the senile parents of a chromosome-damaged child—the Vietnam war.

So the peaceniks came to bear witness during the 9 to 5 time slot that the commuter buses allowed. Woodstock was a larger "peace" demonstration and at least young people going to Woodstock had to battle weather, lack of food, and health facilities. At Woodstock one at least had a chance in the three days to experience a living situation. To survive one had to get involved. The commuter movement that went in and out of Washington with the respectability that crowds usually reserve for Billy Graham didn't really allow for much participation on the part of the audience. That the government does not heed large gatherings of dissenters has been apparent for the last six years ever since the 1963 civil rights march and through all the countless mobilizations since then during the war. The system in power not only can deal with such mobilizations, it can actually thrive on them. To quote Mayor Washington of Washington: "Once again the government has reaffirmed its commitment to free speech." Look how tolerant Amerika is! Let's give the system a chance. The huge crowd was about as effective as it looked huddled at the base of the Phallus on the Potomac. It looked like, and was, a huge mess begging the president, the pentagon, the state department, all these war criminals... "Just give peace a chaaance..." Nixon will sing that tune within a year. Nixon has the slickest Media Men in the country on his team. All those dissenters and it was Agnew, not Nixon, who emerged the chief villian. It was peaceful D.C. Transit buses that surrounded and protected the White House and not menacing Army vehicles. Read The Selling of the President, 1968. McGinnis' book is a complement to McLuhan's Understanding Media. If McLuhan is the

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The stewardess tried to get names of witnesses only to discover that Eldridge Cleaver, Spiro Agnew and Mamie Eisenhower were sitting next to Abbie.

"I know you people. You're going to Washington for the Moratorium but you really want violence," the berserk stewardess screamed at Mamie and Eldridge.

When we got off the plane we found that the whole thing was a doublecross.

We had voluntarily stopped calling the stewardess a bitch, but the pigs were called out anyway. This demonstrates again the futility of negotiating with the enemy.

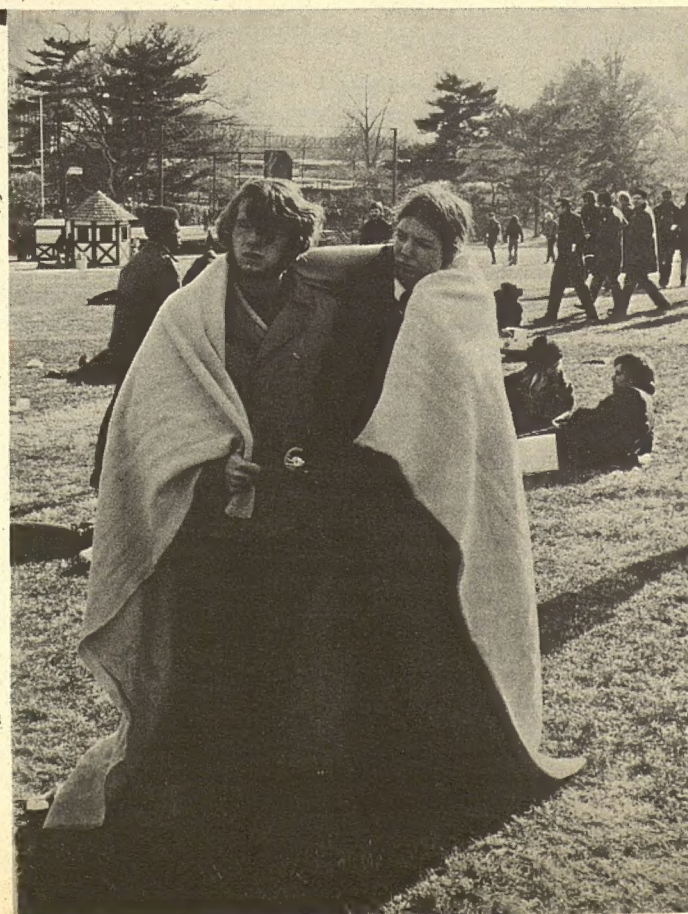
They held Abbie for thirty minutes and let him go when the pilot who was probably drunk did not show to press charges.

We stood around the police office chanting "Free Abbie." A couple of liberated women sat down and began singing "We Shall Overcome."

It was very emotional and a black pig began to convulse.

When Abbie was released he gave an interview to a guy with a microphone who was probably from the Washington Red Squad.

I have always hated American. Of all the airlines they are the most uptight about phony youth cards, and going home too early on excursions. The Yippies are organizing a boycott on flying the American way. It's another form of fascism.



NO POPCORN?

The Conspiracy trial is two movies being shown at the same time to a jury that must select its favorite. Both films cover the same historical event — the Democratic Convention, but the style and plot of both are so different that each film's aficionados are willing to go into the streets over a matter of taste.

"Establishment Unlimited" has made a Grade B black-and-white, pro-police flick of the early 1950's. Its stars are selfless pigs who seek to head off the destruction of a great, patriotic and prosperous city. Through dint of tireless and very dangerous undercover work, the police are able to locate the perpetrators of criminal anarchy, discover their plans, and, after a spectacular and violent chase scene covering all of Convention Week, foil the plans. Finally, a court of very Christian law throws the culprits into the dungeons they deserve for ten years.

The Establishment dialogue is heavy and oversimplified to the point where the clichés become unbelievable. Dave Dellinger, the supposed gangleader, is given the line, "I'm leaving the room now, and you're guys better realize I'll be making all the decisions from now on." This very heavy stuff is recalled under divine oath on the witness stand by a pig who infiltrated the gang's meeting under great personal risk.

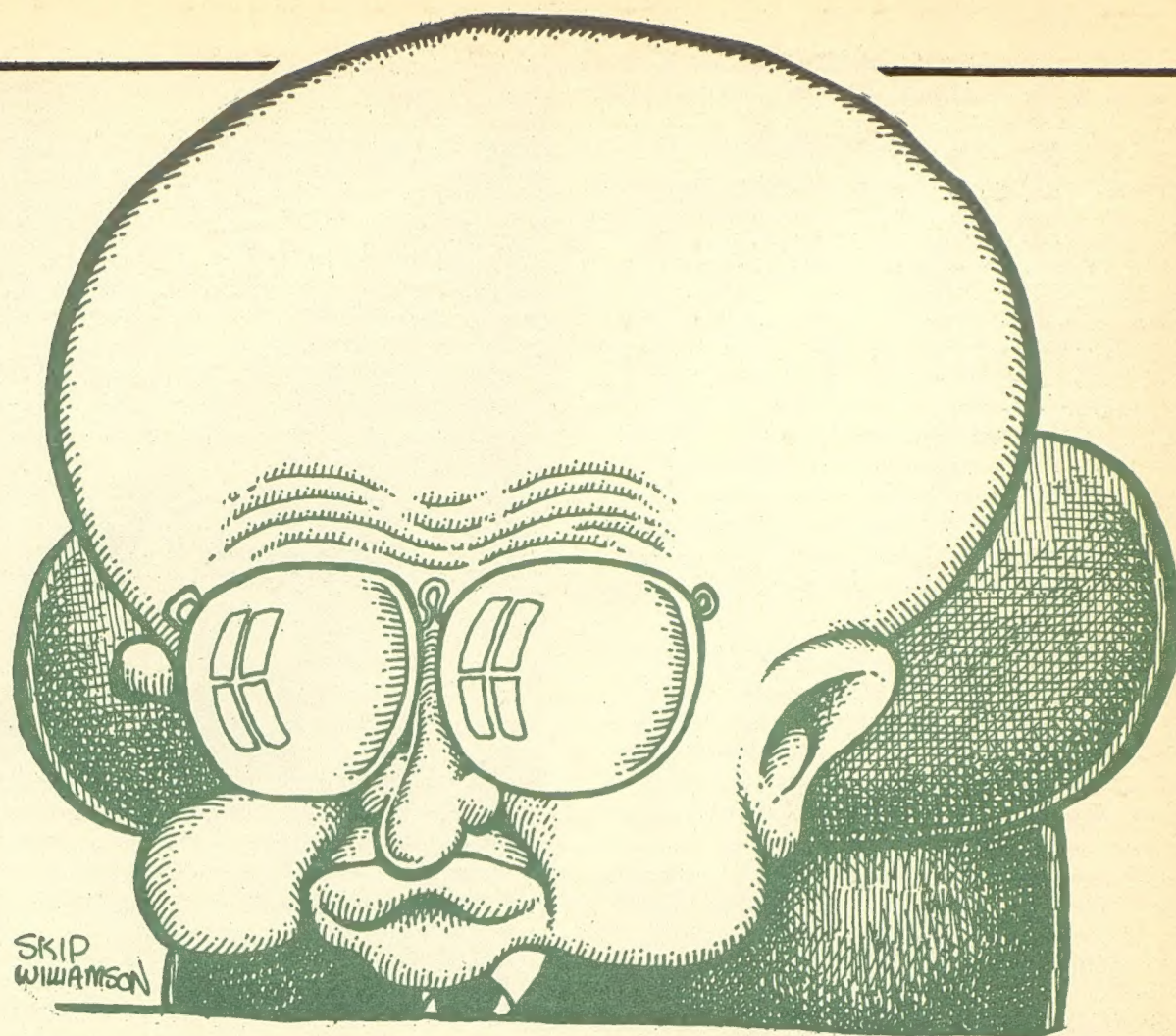
"The Loop will fall", Rennie Davis drunkenly boasts, and a shocked murmur passes through the audience. But there is a big problem — the pigs who recite these lines and who are supposedly at all these Outfit meetings are miserable actors. Somehow they seem rehearsed, and the lines put into their mouths paint their opponents so simplistically that you have trouble believing that human beings like this can exist outside the mind of the prosecutor.

Prosecutor Tom Foran is the eternal Mr. DA. He lacks the trim moustache he wore the last time he sent James Cagney to the chair, but otherwise he looks like his toughness is granite.

The Establishment has cast him as the hero, but he has been coming on a bit uptight, like a mere hasbeen who's been drinking too much. He screws up his lines a lot, and has a habit of blaming the young actors across the room at the defense table for throwing him off-stride.

Foran spent most of his life being thought of as good-looking, but his square jaw is now out of style and a new crop of sexy women find him a tight-assed joke. The chicks are there every day, laughing at Tom, and he can't help but think that he might be playing Abbie Hoffman's taxicab driver in a few years.

The undercover bits are being played by third-raters. Irv Bock comes on as a long-time infiltrator of Chicago Vets for Peace. You can believe that he was in the organization, but a nervous cough and dropped lines under cross-examination make you think that Irv got the part only because his navy background gave him some kind of veteran's preference. You can still picture him getting through the Christmas Play behind some heavy Bourbon.



Barbara Callender probably got her part as an undercover pig lady because of some connection with Foran. She might have started out working behind a soda fountain in Hollywood, trying to make her way into the movies by spending the wee hours with chorus-line men, only to find out they were homosexuals. Barbara is sexy in a dumb, B-girl way, and would do better if cast in a documentary on prostitution.

"I followed Jerry Rubin because he was the most obnoxious."

"I remember Tom Hayden because he has beady eyes."

These are her lines, and you get the impression that there should be a scene showing he-man Foran kicking her around the bedroom for trying to liven things up by ad-libbing.

There was a time back in the fifties when Establishment Unlimited had no trouble at the box-office. The world was a lot simpler then, and clichéd plots were believed by students and professors alike. A lot of TV and dope has gone down since then, and the Company may now be on the verge of going out of business. Young cats watch flicks like this only when totally stoned — the two a.m. movie can be good for some laughs.

Things are harder for Establishment Unlimited because of the groovy underground flick being shown at the defense table. And what's been seen has only been the trailer for the spectacular to come.

The underground flick has no script. It is heavily spontaneous and tries to convey to the jury a sense of what things are really like. It tries to show that the Establishment production is bullshit despite its brand name. It tries to convince the jury that guys into this kind of underground movie trip could never conspire together to do anything except smoke dope and fuck, or — in a quick pinch — defend themselves. There's nothing sinister about Bonnie and Clyde or Scorpio Rising or the Conspiracy.

Abbie Hoffman or Rennie Davis on the stand will have no lines to read. It will be wild to see Foran, who always deals with phony projections of himself, try to cope with people who are as foreign to his universe as beauty.

The festival award will be presented by people who were raised on Establishment Productions products and tend to see everything through its myths. But lately they have been getting bored with the same old thing and are looking around for something new. They generally don't understand underground flicks, but have been known to say "Well, at least it's different". Maybe their repressed desires for adventure will lead them to vote for us and tell the pigs to go fuck themselves.

Nobody really knows what is going to happen, but Foran is getting shaky. He knows that in a theater of freedom, we have all the style.

Stew Albert

he
not
busy
being
born
is
busy
dying

We are reaching a cusp, brothers and sisters. So much shit has come down just this year that few of us have had time to grok its fullness. This has been a year of riot, confrontation and little grass. It has been a year punctuated with some far-out festivals that offered peace, love and good music. But much of the time between has been grim and fearful.

From the daily hassle in the streets to the ominous changes in state and federal laws further limiting our personal freedoms, we have felt the rising tide of oppression that is sweeping this Amerika we call home.

The Movement—if there is such a thing—seems to be a movement towards massive, bloody confrontation with the Establishment. Local police, National Guard troops and all the Armed Forces of Amerika are preparing for warfare with guerrilla bands in the streets of every city and town in the country.

The escalation of violence from People's Park in May to the Weathermen in October is one small indication of the way things are going. To many people, there are only a few alternatives we can anticipate as we hurtle down the path to Armageddon.

We can escalate the struggle with acts of terrorism and sabotage. We can increase the frequency and militancy of street actions in the Weatherman vein. We can save our hides and trade our revolutionary aims for reformer's goals by rejoining the Establishment to change it from within. Or we can split this scene for another country.

But whatever we do, the time for decision making is decreasing daily. And just over the hill, the concentration camps are waiting for those too slow to decide for themselves.

If we choose the path of revolutionary struggle now, we must face several stark realities. We are not together. We are, by and large, unarmed and untrained in the techniques of urban guerrilla warfare. We face opposition from a power structure that is armed and organized like no enemy ever faced in the world.

Unlike the Viet Cong, we do not have broad popular support yet. And we are basically trapped in our urban ghettos with no foothold in the countryside for haven, supplies, regrouping; or retreat.

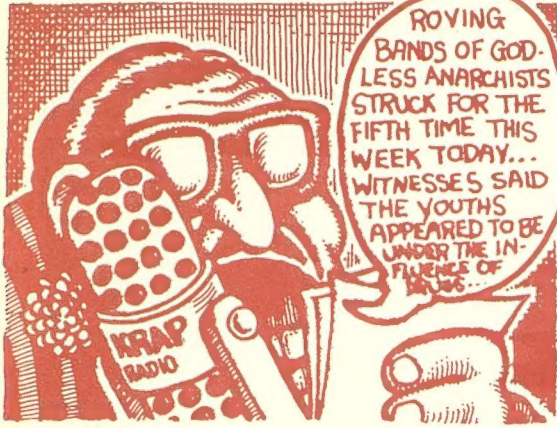
Moreover, as urban guerrillas, we would be faced with the task of "winning" cities and towns that are nearly uninhabitable now and will be positively lethal in five or ten years.

Even if we won, the human energies and resources that would be required to make urban Amerika suitable for our revolutionary culture would be far greater than those required to build an entirely new nation in our highest visionary mold.

Certainly we must face the problem of what are we fighting for. Is it for control over Manhattan or Toledo or Chicago or Los Angeles? Are we fighting for the right to swim in Lake Erie? To fuck on the streets of Pittsburgh? To eat union-picked grapes covered with DDT?

Are we struggling against the forces of Establishment repression only to elect a new Congress of long hairs and dope smokers? Like the horse, are we only going to shift riders without getting rid of the saddle? If a black ghetto is a poor place to live with Nixon as president, it would be a poor place to live if Buddha were president. The fault is not so much with the players as with the whole fucking game they play. GO TO PAGE 10 →

ALL ACROSS AMERICA SMALL GROUPS OF SABOTEURS STRIKE WITH FLAMING VENGEANCE...THE AIR WAVES ARE ELECTRIC WITH RAGE...



...THE CITIZENRY IS QUICK TO REACT!



COMIX FROM CONSPIRACY CARS
SKIP WILLIAMSON / CLASS WAR

KABOOM!

KINETIC KABOOM!

The Kinetic Playground has always prided itself on explosive sounds and far-out light shows, but someone's outdone them completely. An all-new, one-time-only light show "went off" at the theater a couple of weeks ago, when person or persons unknown planted powerful firebombs in the control booth ("cortex") and projection booth ("eye").

The bombs were set to go off after closing time at the Kinetic, and although the bomb in the cortex failed to detonate, the resulting explosion in the eye destroyed the entire projection system. Damage was both extensive and a super-bitch to repair.

The theater will be shut for a month while Aaron Russo figures out how to piece the system back together without the assistance of the technicians who originally designed the complex circuitry from the control board to the projectors and were later fired (or quit) during a raging controversy over back pay and profit-sharing. (See article in the Seed, Vol.4 - No.2).

KAPLUNK!

Rolling Stone, the New York Times of rocknroll, reports that Pacific Gas and Electric recently felt the wrath of Russo. PG&E, Bonzo Dog, Lonnie Mack, and Lee Michaels were booked into the Playground for Oct. 10th and 11th. On the afternoon of the 10th, Russo's office called cancelled the act because the Chi police had requested the hall be closed during the Weathermen's recent visit.

Frank Cook, ace drummer and PG&E manager, claims that the group was had for \$2500 in expenses and fees. He was bummed out enough to organize something called the "Free Musicians of America".

Describing Russo as being "on a crazed motherfucking power trip", Cook's FMA is producing a show at the Auditorium on December 5th. PG&E, MC-5, and Rotary Connection will appear.

People close to the culture should not feud. On the one hand, Aaron Russo sometimes has been a little heavy with employees and local bands under contract to other people. On the other, Free Musicians of America has nothing to do with Free (e.g., no-charge) music, and the MC-5 no longer support either the White Panthers or the John Sinclair Defense Fund. Perhaps a way for both sides to show good faith would be to donate the \$2500 to either the Sinclair defense fund (International Committee to Aid John Sinclair; PO Box 444; New York, NY 10024) or the legal aid efforts of those Weathermen that Russo chalked off as soon as the police mentioned them.

New York, Friday, November 14, 1969 - New York City, resounding with the echoes of bombs, sirens and frayed nerves these five days, may have begun to cool off.

On Tuesday, November 11th, bombs exploded in the RCA building, the General Motors building, and the Chase Manhattan Building, causing very extensive damage to property. The bombings were the sixth in a series of political sabotage that has sent Corporate Amerika into paranoic frenzy. The headlines of establishment media blare out "BOMB" in hysteric unison, and editorials denounce "wanton acts of destruction." And movement organizations' conversations revealed both utter perplexity as to the identity of the bombers --and awe: "very, very together."

Wednesday night, downtown: a bomb resounds through the City Criminal Courts building. And on 14th Street, in the RAT office, Gary and Paul Rat, getting hot-off-the-press RATS ready for the trip to Washington March Against Death, receive a phone call. A friend from the straight press reveals the following: FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and Attorney General Mitchell have just announced in Washington the arrest of four Lower East Side radicals, charged, along with a missing fifth person, with all the bombings. Among the five are Janie Alpert, RAT staff writer, and the missing Pat Swinton, RAT advertising manager. The other three are Sam Melville, 34, an ex-plumbing designer; George Demerle, 39, a die maker; and J. David Hughey, 22, who used to work in the Guardian art department.

Thursday afternoon: The tiny hearing room at the Federal Court Building, Foley Square, is packed with FBI agents, prosecuting attorneys, and security guards. A small, 8-man contingent of movement freaks sits excitedly in the back. The handcuffed prisoners are escorted in. They are unhandcuffed; Janie raises the clenched fist and smiles at us. District Attorney Morgenthau reads the charges: "Conspiracy" to commit the bombings that occurred July 27 at the United Fruit Pier; on August 20 at the Marine Midland Grace Building; on September 19 at the Federal Building, Federal Plaza; on November 11 at RCA, GM, and Chase; on November 12 at the Criminal Court Building, and at an armory where they were allegedly arrested. Morgenthau then demands bail and gets exactly what he wants: a half-million dollars each! We are stunned!

Janie Alpert is 22. She's been at RAT since July

helping in the office, editing, and writing. She's done long articles about Abortion, Women's Lib, and organizing highschoolers, she's very bright, open, articulate, and she's committed. That she could be involved in the bombings, however, seems hard to believe. The government's case seems to be designed to soothe the public uproar and implicate the movement on the basis of purely circumstantial evidence. We have begun a Jane Alpert Defense Fund and are attempting to pull things back together at the paper. [Send money to RAT, 241 E. 14th St., N.Y. 10003]

'Course RAT's no longer on the newstands, and we've lost two full time staff members. We're trying to muster an army of RAT hawkers to get RAT back on the streets - a near-impossibility in New York. Jeff Shero flew up from Mississippi last night. We held a press conference this morning which went out on all the straight tv, radio, and newspapers in which we detailed the continued pig harassment, the direct links between the bombing arrests and the newstand suppression of RAT, and avowed our support for Janie. Placards appeared at the Washington March reading "Free Jane, George, Sam, Dave, and all the Panthers". (The trial of the Panther 21 began Monday the 17th of Nov.)

The bombings and arrests have unleashed a brief wave of confusion and paranoia through the movement here. The government is seeking precisely that: to intimidate us and to breed fear and distrust among brothers and sisters. It is true, FBI informers are everywhere. And their repression can be heavy, very heavy. But the bombers understood this too. All the press received another letter yesterday. It said:

"The establishment is in for some big surprises if it thinks that kangaroo courts and death sentences can arrest a revolution. The anger of the youth and all oppressed people is mounting against this mockery of justice. There's one thing the cowards who rule the world might as well know that now: the will to freedom of the people is stronger than the fear of any repression. Liberty or death."

Whether or not some bombers are in jail today, this is not the end of bombing in Amerika. It is not the end of the kind of destruction which is a pre-condition for liberated creation. Frustration and violence are a way of life in a repressed society. And every outraged and repressed individual in this country is a potential bomber.

The Black Rat

GREED
FREAK
OR,
VAMPIN' ON
GRAMMAPHONE

"I opened Gramophone Ltd. at 2665 N. Clark about eight months ago," says Steve Nakon, "with a purpose in mind, to give people a store where they could buy records at a very low price and provide an atmosphere free of hassle. All things considered (a few broken windows, two minor robberies), things went along well till just a few weeks ago. It was then I learned that another record store was opening near me. The owner of that store came to talk to me and here is where the problem arises. These people happened to own a chain of record stores and they came to tell me that they did not want me to continue to sell my records at the low price (\$3.00 and \$4.00) I was selling for. They pointed out to me if I raised my prices I would make more money and probably not lose many customers. This is quite probably true, but I told them that money wasn't the most important thing to me (corny, but true), but making people happy and giving them a good deal was. They didn't like this much, and told me that they would lower their prices so low that I could not compete, this they could do because they owned many other stores and could afford to lose money on one. I am sure they thought that by doing this for a period of time would force me to raise my prices."

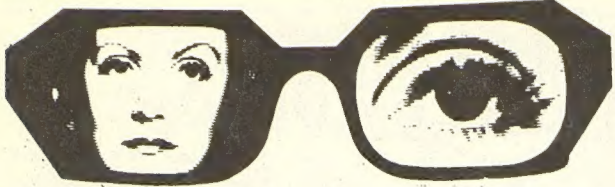
According to Steve, the store that is hassling him is One Octave Higher at 2833 North Broadway. We called One Octave Higher and spoke to manager Ira Levy. His

first response to Steve's story was "there's no truth in it at all." We asked him the selling prices of his records. "Two sixty-five for the \$4.98 series," he said, "and \$3.81 for the \$5.98." Levy said these were "grand opening sale" prices, then we asked him how long the sale will run. "Until we get set up," Levy said.

We asked Levy how he could afford to sell for such low prices. "We buy in big quantities," he said. Are you taking a loss at One Octave Higher in order to drive Gramophone out of business and absorbing the loss at your other stores? "Listen," said Ira Levy, "Steve is a good friend and I only wish him the best; but friends are friends and business is business."

Ira Levy either owns, manages or buys for, along with Stuart Gimbel and Jerry Gimbel, the following stores: the Flypped Disk in Piper's Alley, One Octave Higher in Evanston, Buffalo Grove and 2833 N. Broadway, Lishon's in Evanston and the Loop, and One Octave Lower in Maiden Lane, Old Town.

Steve Nakon wants to stay in business and keep the greedheads out of the community. The anti-trust laws have never been terribly effective in protecting small businesses, but localized boycotts have worked when the Community organized itself around a clear issue. Steve said that the reason he is giving the Seed this story is that "I do not intend to raise my prices, no matter what, so I am asking for Seed readers' support."



Movie Reviews By Camille

"Flesh", a film by Andy Warhol at the Aardvark

If you've never seen an Andy Warhol movie, "Flesh" is a good place to start, because Warhol seemed to have tampered very little with it. He was recovering from the militant feminist's wounds at the time Flesh was made. Paul Morrissey directed it.

For the first time a sense of structure holds the film together. It's a kind of Manhattan "La Rone" with an homage to Godard thrown in. It is not a cycle like Ophul's film, but a circle that the star Joe Dallesandro makes. Joe bed hops from his wife to his first (male) rick (profit, \$20) to an aging (male) artist with an English accent (who pays a \$100 model fee) to a conversation with two apprentice (male) hustlers (reminiscent of Godard's "Vivre sa Vie") to Terry a (female) topless dancer who exhibits their pleasure to a pair of Queens, to Dave an old friend so hung up over his Korean wounds he complains he can't get a hard on—here they read a dirty book out loud, the director makes the most fascinating jump cuts that let you imagine the dreary prose is more stimulating than it can be—and finally back to Joe's own home where he meets his wife's girlfriend and the two women promptly strip him (getting stoned between film cuts) then lose interest in Joe and snuggle and writhe together while he (back to the first shot of the film) rests on his pillow—watching.

The circuitous route takes a day. Joe's mindless and joyless odyssey was supposed to provide money for the wife's girlfriend's abortion, however he claims he has no money when he returns home.

I know no one (nor do I think such a person exists) who claims to have viewed the complete 85-plus hour Warhol oeuvre. A ponderous output in just over five years of movie making; it took Hitchcock 47 years to make fifty features.

Discussions of comparative Warhol lead nowhere, but if you saw his "My Hustler" you'll agree that it was a more involving movie than "Flesh". Most of his films reach high points due to the interesting or outrageous dialogue ad-libbed by his stars. Sometimes the dialogue is both interesting and outrageous, that is. Usually it is neither. Lenny Bruce the Warhol superstars are not. And, minimal cinema reaches greater heights in the hands of Michael Snow (the director of "Wavelength").

"Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice"

opening December 19 at the United Artists

Hollywood thinks they're showing us something new because they've costumed the Southern California wife-swapping plot in love beads and mini skirts. Bob and Carol even have to go to school to feel liberated enough to do it. At rare moments director Paul Mazursky startled me by turning a mirror my way. Most often, however, he just reminded me of scenes from better movies.

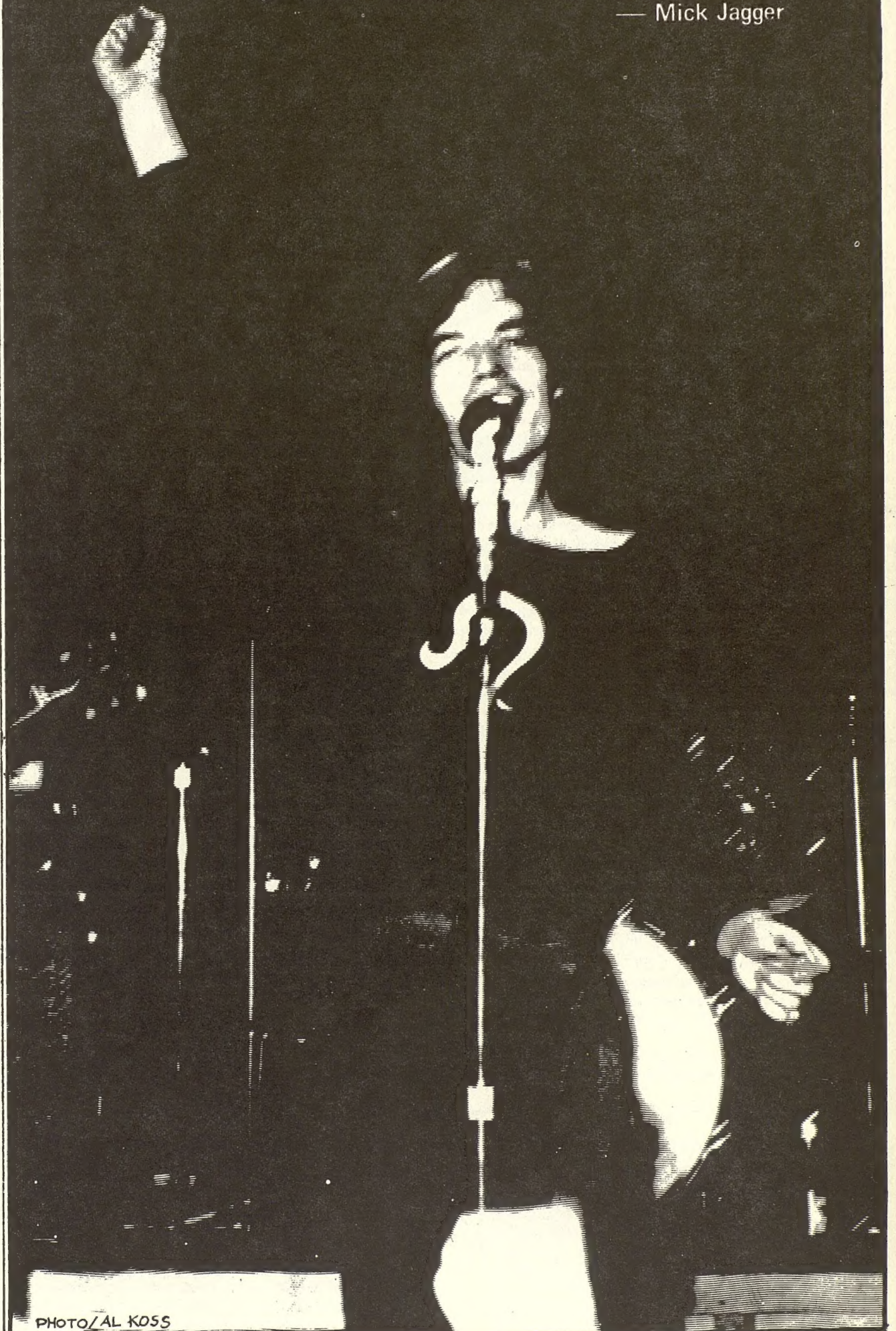
Mazursky opens with a sports car climbing the California Hills to the tune of the Hallelujah chorus—Bunuel's "Viridiana" used the music more audaciously. He closes with a procession of grotesques that Fellini has assembled many times.

In between there are some good laughs.

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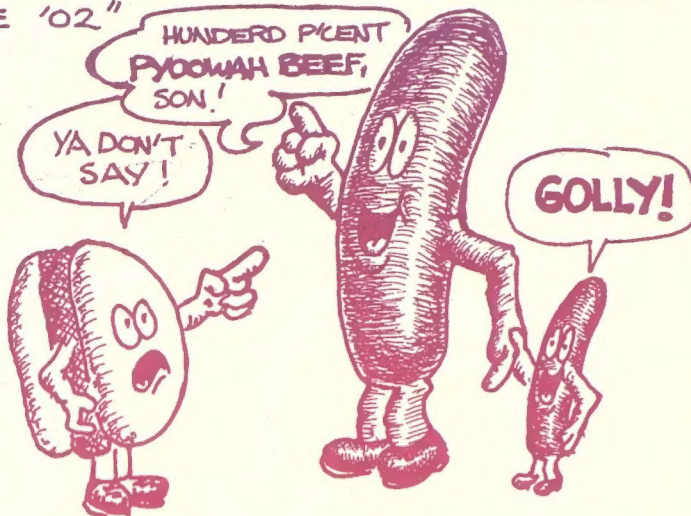
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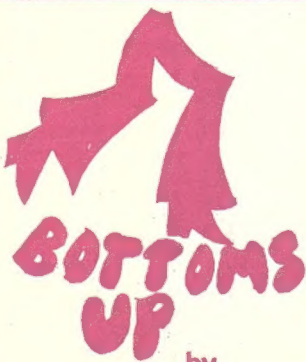
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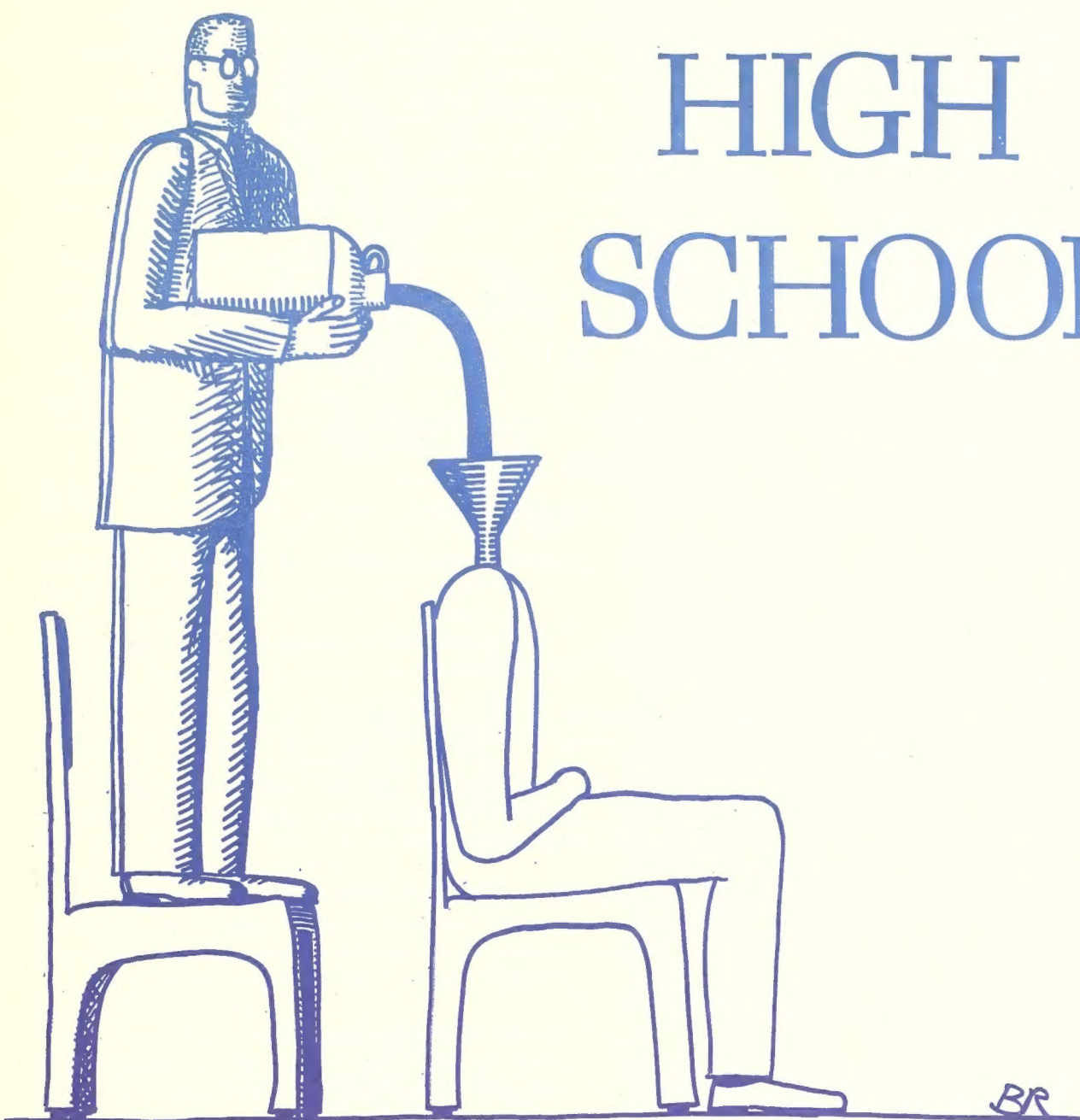
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HIGH SCHOOL

"God, are you stupid", they all cried! "What are you going to do now?"

"I'm leaving this suburb and moving to Chicago to do movement work."

"Well, what are you going to do after that?" At that point I either threw up my hands with an exasperated cry or tried patiently to explain that working in the movement was a lifetime engagement. I told them that I wanted to do more with my life than just produce to produce and consume to consume.

I explained that although I had "only" seven months to go to graduate, those were seven months that I could either waste in school or enjoy by leaving. I declared that I could no longer accept an institution that emphasized discipline over thought while trying to tell me that they were doing otherwise.

I told them that high school was driving me crazy.

High school is boring, lifeless and deadening. It's a tremendous waste of time. I had been trying to do the

things that I wanted to do AND go to school. I had been learning IN SPITE OF school. And I had been resigned to "serving out" my time.

But then, one magic day, someone was reciting the of-course-you-have-to-finish-high-school litany, and I asked why, and they chanted because-of-course-you-have-to-go-to-college, and I asked why, and they canted to-get-a-good-job-you-need-a-good-education and I screamed ALTERNATE CULTURE!! at them and they all disintegrated into little piles of gray dust.

I've seen the jobs and they're just like the schools. I don't want "success" in Old America, so why should I fulfill the obligations for that success?

What I want to do is to help build alternatives for myself and anybody else who can't see chasing after happiness in Old America's way. I want to make it easier for others to defect and survive. It's something that has to be done, because too many people think that they can't leave the well-marked middle of the road and make it. All it

takes is enough people to leave the road and go crashing through the underbrush, cutting a definite path. It's not an easy task, but it's much more significant, and much more fun.

.....and now the news.

Generally speaking, organizing has been around three issues; underground papers, the moratorium, and student rights [or "student power", or "student survival", whichever you like].

For the last moratorium, there was a rally at or about Palatine on the cold 15th of November, with speakers and about 100 students. Some people there are now getting together with people from Fremd and Arlington. There is another chain of communication of people from Prospect, Elk Grove and Forest View, and they are now in process of finding out about each other. Rounding out the cast of conspirators are people from Wheeling and Hersey, with administrators from all schools providing confusion, and the Naval Junior ROTC cadets from Wheeling providing comic relief.

Not too far away from all of that is the makings of another conspiracy, with 900 people from Evanston, Mather, and the three Niles schools holding a march and rally against the War on the 15th and planning a repeat for Christmas Eve [at Devonshire Center, 4400 Grove St., Skokie]. And all the way over on the south side, "Students for Peace" is building support at Mendel, Mother Sorrows, Fenger, Seton, St. Francis de Sales, Brother Rice [where 500 students attended a special moratorium mass against the wishes of the administration], Bowen, McCauley, and some of the south suburban schools.

Four people were caught in a moratorium walk-away from Reavis, and the apprehended escapees received three detentions each. The November Anti-War Fair was again the occasion for militant arm-band wearing. Take that with a grain of rocksalt.

Underground or "independent" papers seem to be popping up with a little more frequency these days, such papers as; the Parallax at Libertyville, the Thyng at Mather, the New Free Press at Niles Township, Intercourse at Lane Tech, Solidarity at Amundsen, Grab Hold at Kennedy, the Alternative [third year] at Central, and the Fifth Estate at New Trier West. [People doing papers should Newsreel and CHIPS, the press syndicate, c/o Alternative, Box 275, Naperville, Illinois].

On the school issues front — a lot of people are choosing to deal with the rights denied them and the idiocies forced on them. Such as the rule at De La Salle that hair must be business-like, or the person kicked out at Rich Central for talking back to an administrator, or the freaky-looking people not admitted to various schools. Or bad teachers of bad classes.

Mather has a student union which is polling students and teachers on their problems and beliefs. At a couple of schools, there are moves under way to call for disbanding their student councils, on the grounds that they are a sham and don't serve the interests of the students. At Niles, there are three non-voting students on the town's school board; they favor an open campus and a smoking lounge. And at the Maine schools, about 80 kids and 35 parents have formed "People for the Betterment of Education at Maine Township". They advocate abolishing the dress code and suspending "in loco parentis"; the right of the school to act in place of your parents.

A person at one nearby school was suspended indefinitely for having his hair too long, and with recent court decisions in mind, is continuing to attend. So far the administration hasn't said a word.

A final note — Newsreel will be glad to tell you about their liberation school, a series of workshops on high school organizing, if you call them up at 248-2018 and ask.

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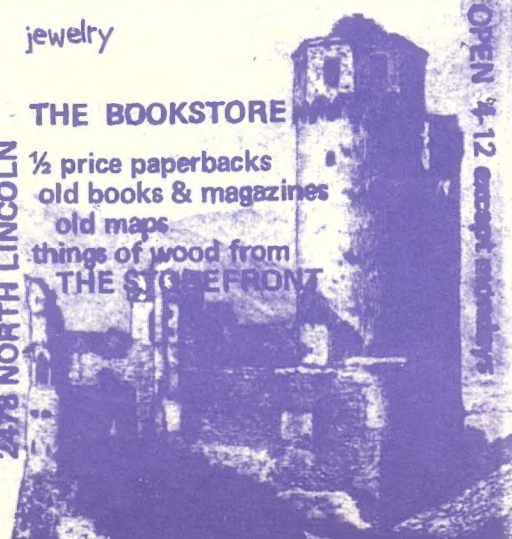
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Air pollution frequently kills ten to twenty people a day in New York city, the Washington post reports. Charles C. Johnson, Jr. the head of the Consumer Protection and Environmental Health Service of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, said, "For the first time we are satisfied that we have some definite relationships between sulphur dioxide in the air and excess deaths - almost like the relationship between smoking and lung cancer." He quoted a survey showing that deaths begin to rise sharply when the sulphur dioxide content of the air reaches .2 parts per million - and New York City's air had that much or more sulphur dioxide 10% of the time during the five-year study. Chicago's sulphur dioxide count averages around .12 parts per million and rising; days of a .2 parts per million count are not uncommon, and the count during our recent smogathon was consistently over .3 parts per million.

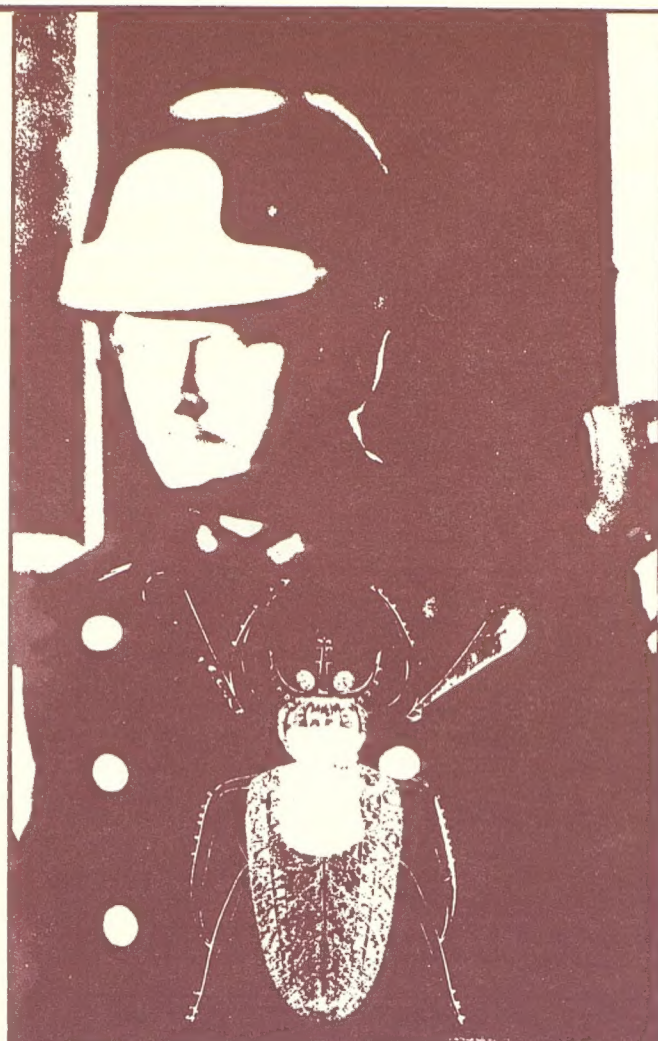
A group of our boys in Vietnam are planning a Thanksgiving fast for peace. The group, a hospital unit in Pleiku, publicized their intent last week and their commanding officer immediately made it clear that they will be punished if they go through with it. Now if we all get behind our brave boys over there and give one big push, maybe we can not only bring our boys home tomorrow but off some brass in the process.

The SDS computer company, also known as Scientific Data Systems, has changed its name to XDS computer company. According to its executive Vice President, Dan McGurk, "Our former name no longer accurately reflects the kind of marketplace we serve. We felt we needed a name which would be more widely recognized, particularly in the business area."

I love the term "silent majority"; it sounds so much nicer than A Nation of Sheep.
letter in Time magazine

"We are not equipped to cope with the challenge of being the public's principle consumer protector. The consumer is literally surrounded by an arsenal of products which can kill or maim him."
the Food and Drug Administration

Mrs. John Mitchell, the wife of the attorney general, has been making a real name for herself lately, much in the manner of our other favorite household word. First she talked about how she was in the Justice Department during the demonstration there Nov. 15, and it looked like the Russian Revolution out there. And she mentioned that she and her husband had agreed many times that everyone would be better off if all the liberals could be sent to Rooshia in exchange for some Jenyoowine Commies. Then she talked about how her husband had invited her to sample some (heavy quotation marks) "pot" that the Dept. of Injustice had confiscated. She leaned her head over a burning bowl of the evil weed, and then "immediately suffered burning eyes and throat, followed by a severe allergic reaction that put me in bed for 24 hours." Our guess is that one of our inside men in the Injustice dept. slipped some domestic tranquility gas left over from the demonstration into the bowl in place of the dope.



ROACHES

We can't read President Nixon's mind and we have long ago given up trying to understand Pentagon arithmetic. But when the October draft calls were announced we checked back and found that draft calls are up more than 70% since Nixon at the beginning of June announced Vietnamese troop cutbacks were to begin. Here are the figures month by month:

	1968	1969
June	20,000	25,900
July	15,000	22,300
August	18,300	29,500
September	12,200	29,000
October	13,800	29,000
TOTAL	79,300	135,700

(The box of data printed above is taken from L. F. Stone's Weekly, September 22, 1969.)

By cancelling November and December draft quotas, Nixon claims to have cut calls by 50,000. This claim is totally fraudulent.

Study of past draft calls indicates that the Defense Department, traditionally reluctant to draft during the Christmas holidays, never intended to draft 50,000 men in November and December. Summer quotas were exceptionally high this year. While 45,000 men were drafted during the period July through September, 1968, 80,800 men were drafted in the same time period in 1969. Total 1969 calls are only 9,100 (less than 2%) below those for 1968. And when a Presidential aide was asked recently if the summer calls had been padded to allow for a pre-planned cut, he answered: "I wouldn't be at all surprised."

—claudette piper/resist

Janis Joplin was busted in Florida two weeks ago for obscenity when she told some cops to fuck off. In the middle of a Joplin song, the crowd broke through a line of ushers and stormed the stage. A squad of cops moved to break up the surge and one of them started blaring the usual cop talk in such a situation over a megaphone while Janis was still singing. Janis, natch, flipped out and called the pigs pigs and a lot of other stuff. So when she got to Chicago last week, her rap was "Y'all oughter get down and go to the Conspiracy benefit Nov 28 -- we rock stars may be the next to go." Country Joe MacDonald was busted in Wooster, Mass. when he said fuck on the stage, and when he appeared in Boston the next night the stage was flanked by cops who said they would mace him right then and there if he said fuck again. And John Lennon returned his Order of the British Empire medal to Queen Elizabeth, saying he didn't like England supporting America in Vietnam and England's role in the Nigeria-Biafra war. (Maybe it was Paul's medal, hmm, kids?)

America wins the violence category hands down when compared with 14 other "modern, stable" nations. The National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence says America has 6.8 homicides per 100,000 population while the country that came in second, Finland, has 2.5 per 100,000 and no other country has more than 1.7 per 100,000.

"Bolshevism is knocking at our gates. We can't afford to let it in. We have got to organize ourselves against it, and put our shoulders together and hold fast. We must keep America whole and safe and unspoiled. We must keep the worker away from red literature and red ruses: we must see that his mind remains healthy."

---Al Capone
quoted in Journey To Freedom,
L.G. Dowdey, ed.
Swallow Press, 1969

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The realization that it is the game—not just the players—that must go, also rules out the adoption of reform goals and rejoining the game to change its rules through the “proper channels.” We played that game with the civil rights movement, the Free Speech Movement, the McCarthy campaign and many, many other bullshit ventures that seemed meaningful at the time.

By this time, most of us have come to see that the liberal reformer is not even our friend or fellow traveler, but our most dangerous enemy. We know that we can never count on the declared enemies of our culture for any support, but we never know when the liberal is going to find the going too rough and pull out just when we were counting on his support.

The most bitter arguments I have seen in the Movement in the past year all involved the question of whether or not liberal support should be sought and cultivated for some basically radical action. All too often, liberal support has ended up meaning liberal co-option, as in the Memorial Day march on People's Park in Berkeley this spring.

Splitting the scene for another country is becoming very popular. The straight press is filled each week with little news and feature items about our people in Canada, Sweden, Australia, Mexico, the Netherlands, Cuba, Algeria, India, and the Caribbean Islands. The idea has a lot of merit. If you can no longer live in Amerika, if you can no longer obey its laws or abide its oppression, then turning your back for a new life in a new nation is a very courageous step.

We all know what is in store for our brothers now in Algeria, Sweden and Canada if or when they return to Amerikan justice. But leaving this country, no matter how bad its Establishment, does not have a permanent appeal to most of us. After all, this is our land, our heritage, our country.

We are not the first to be caught up in the paradox of loving this country and hating this U.S. of A. Mark Twain saw it clearly when he wrote, “My kind of loyalty is loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing to watch over. Institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing and clothing can wear out or become ragged. To be loyal to rags, that is the loyalty of unreason. The citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's political clothes are worn out, and yet, holds his peace, and does not agitate for a new suit, is disloyal; he is a traitor.”

We are not ready to fight in the streets. The glories of the war we might win are not worth the taking. Our revolutionary new culture cannot grow and flourish in the factories, schools and jails of the old. The system we are now a part of is destroying our very planet with its plunder and its pollution. And yet, we cannot all run away to some other land, because this is our country and we are its most loyal residents.

To solve this paradox, to postpone as long as possible the rush to destruction that waits us in the streets, to assert once and for all time our humanity and our unity, we must form a new nation here and now.

There are no rules but our own conscience. If our revolution has been without program, it is because we have a basic distrust for words without actions. We have no program because we have had no nation in which, with which, and through which to develop our program—our revolutionary culture.

If we are not political, it is because we do not recognize the pigeon-hole categories of the uptight mind. A flower is not political. Balling is not social. A song is not historical. Love is not philosophical. Communalism is not economic. We are what we are. We will be what we will be. And damn the categories and labels.

If our new nation is without a territory of boundaries it is because our national awareness is a state of mind, a revolutionary consciousness that was born in the drug-rock-street experience, not at the treaty table.

How, then, do we set about building this new nation? First, we should realize that a program of words and no action is no program at all.

Second, we should realize that to succeed, our new nation must be created and nurtured on virgin soil.

Third, we should realize that the incredibly complex problems of building an entire nation will be solved, by and large, in the doing, and that no amount of pre-planning is going to make a hard job easier.

Fourth, we must accept the concept of self-determination as a limitation—even a prohibition—on the wholesale adoption of any existing theoretical solutions to our problems.

This is not to say that we must go stumbling off blindly into the wilderness in the naive hope that god will provide for us because we are right. Far from it. But just as there was no plan for the landscape of People's Park and no program for the sharing and sense of community that grew at Woodstock, so must we approach the building of our new nation without rigid theories and blueprints for five-year plans.

Our own abilities, our own experiences, our own desires and the general humanistic tendencies we all have already should be enough if we get together in the right places and work hard enough.

If we need more than instincts and feeling to guide the birth and development, then we should turn to the two most significant experiences of this year for that guidance—People's Park and Woodstock.

People's Park was the spontaneous coming together of a community to determine its own land-use policy, its own creative expression, its sense of community and its total disregard for the formal trappings of private ownership of property.

First, the University of California had taken away a whole block of the people's houses—using public tax funds—to drive us out of Berkeley.

Then, the University left the land as an ugly, vacant parking lot on which thousands of private cars were allowed to trespass.

It was not until the people began to make the land beautiful and useful that the University remembered that it owned the land, and then shot, gassed, beat, killed and blinded us to keep it. They may have taken the land, but they did not take the Park.

No chain-link fence in the world is enough to keep us from that joyous, sweating month of digging, hoeing, raking, planting, eating, smoking, drinking, fierce dancing and sharing that was ours while we built the Park.

People's Park was right. It was the people coming together on the land to build with joy for their own use, their own future. There were no plans, no structure, no organized fun and games, no bullshit competition—just people building a park.

Woodstock was not a spontaneous event. It was planned well in advance as three-days of peace and music in the country-side of upstate New York. It was planned and executed by hip capitalists to provide thousands of people with music and some profits for themselves.

Well, the people came—500,000 of them—and a wonderful thing happened. For three days, 500,000 individuals from all parts of the country came together under the conditions of no food, no shelter, poor transportation, poor medical facilities. But the spirit of the people was greater than adversity.

A community—several communities—were born, if only for three days, and the people got it together and overcame many of the problems. Nearly everybody complained about how bad it was, but everybody remembered how great the people were and wanted to do it again.

For the first time in our history there were enough of us in one place to get a feeling of just how big we are and how beautiful we can be when we help and share and celebrate with our music and our dancing.

Woodstock was right. It was the people coming together in a festival to celebrate our life style. Only it was over too soon. We have heard that there was nothing politically significant about 500,000 people from all over the country coming to a music festival—but they came because ours is a total cultural revolution, not a New Left numbers game.

If People's Park and Woodstock are the most significant experiences this year, what guidelines can they offer us for the development of our new nation?

I think the best way to answer this is to use the best of both of these experiences in developing a scenario for the birth of a new nation over the next two to three years.

First, many of us have committed ourselves, dedicated ourselves, to joining together, working and building a new life. We are revolutionaries and now we, must carry on the revolution in concrete, practical terms. This means every minute of every day in every action and every relationship—not just when it is necessary or convenient.

This means that we must come closer together, all of us, black, brown, yellow, red and white and resolve our differences—not forget them, but really work them out with wisdom and understanding.

This means that Black Panthers, White Panthers, Young Lords, Young Patriots, Motherfuckers, Yippies, Hog Farmers, Tribesmen, Weathermen, Red Guard, La Raza and every tribe, commune, cooperative and collective in this country must come together and declare the existence of this new nation. Not the existence of a provisional government nor a national liberation front, but a new nation where the programs and desires of all of us can find expression through our revolutionary culture in that nation.

Second, while we may now be a landless nation, we do need large liberated areas far removed from today's urban conglomerations where our revolutionary culture can flourish with a minimum of confinements and restrictions. To obtain these large, liberated areas or regional communes, we can have a series of Woodstock-type festivals.

The first of these festivals could occur at the next vernal equinox in March on 2,000 to 3,000 acres of virgin land somewhere in the geographic center of the country. If all of us contributed all of the elements necessary for these festivals for free, as a self-imposed tax for the new nation, we could use the money—say \$3 from 500,000 people, or \$1.5 million—to buy the land on which we held the festival and make it Earth People's Park.

This would be our first national monument—Earth People's Park—a place where all of us could go—where all of us could gather and many remain to keep the park. We can use this first festival as a platform to declare the existence of our new nation.

Once we have the first festival, we would continue—say at the rate of one a month through April, May, June,

July, August and September—and create six massive regional communes throughout the country in carefully selected areas. These regional communes would serve as the focal point for our revolutionary culture.

They would be home for thousands of us who could no longer remain in the cities. After their establishment they would be receiving-stations for those who left the cities. They would be classrooms and laboratories for discovering and learning all of the new skills necessary to build a new nation.

The massive festivals could be held monthly over a two year period until 20 or 30 communes of at least 2,000 to 3,000 acres were established. Once these communes are totally self-sufficient, smaller festivals or other cultural activities can be started to buy smaller tracts of land where smaller communes and collectives could be established.

This course of action is no escapist wet dream. We should not expect to fare any better than the first settlers did when they arrived here three centuries ago. It will take more hard work for a longer period of time than any of us has ever thought about. There is no reason to believe that many of us would not starve or die from lack of proper medical care.

But at least we would be struggling to build on a positive way. It is not just a matter of fighting for a life-style, long hair, dope or rock music—it is a matter of fighting for our survival before our planet is so polluted that nobody can win or lose. GO TO PAGE 13



Sir Real

2204 n. clark

Hip men's haberdashery



MUSIC IS LOVE...

TRADES
AND REPAIRS



216 S. WABASH
HA 7-8434

WE BUY OLD
INSTRUMENTS



And here I am again, alone with my eyes draped over the secreting glands of this virulent earth, now rubbery and garbled with the waves of spiritless dumas of waist-back riders on fumbling steeds lashing back at the bitter algae, fuming from the mouths of turpentine hunger. The larva stage of our human condition smothers in the woven spectrum of your death dance, with bound feet whimpering out the tune that hardens in the crucible before the waiting mold of our future. The waves that crest on the ends of our nerves are dry and rasping. They are embroidered with bourgeois thickness. I am burned for granted; my smell is denied; my hands are sold: my veins are emptied; I am found face down in the squallor of someone else's desires. I do not want what you have. I don't even want what you are. If it takes the blind destruction of the entire ecology of this planet to keep you alive and happy you couldn't be worth having. You need too many props, your play stinks. Keep your hands off my geometry. You have no humor but I laugh anyway.

GREEN

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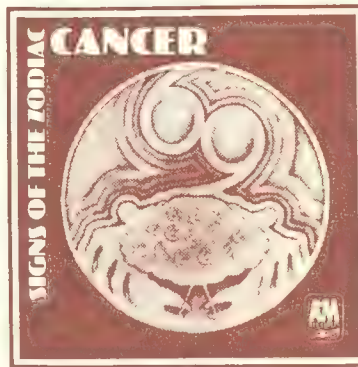
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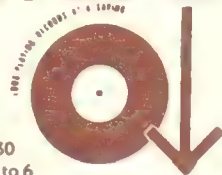
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THERE WAS VIOLENCE ← FROM PAGE 3

1963 when we went there to end racism. A lot of us saw it in 1967 when we went there to protest the power of the Pentagon. A lot of us saw it this year when we went there to protest the war in Vietnam. Some of us may see it again if the Moratorium calls a peace march in 1984 to bring the boys home from Burma.

It will be nice to hear Arlo Guthrie II sing.

This year someone attempted to break into the Justice Department. He approached the twenty-foot-high foot-thick steel door and knocked on it with all his might. He knocked on it with a wooden flagpole. Not the big thick kind that the American Legion has at its rallies, but a thin one like you buy at a Cubs game.

His stick broke.

Attorney General Mitchell (who, if you must know, is five feet eleven inches tall) is married. He and his wife were at the Justice Department. So were 600 policemen, 800 riot troops, and several machine-gunners. The violence at the building prompted Mrs. Mitchell to say, "This looks like the Russian Revolution."

People saw Mr. Mitchell running from the violence. He was coughing from the violence. His eyes were tearing from the violence.

Pam and Ron work at the Conspiracy office. Pam does a lot of shitwork involved with building a defense. Ron makes sure that one of the defendants doesn't forget to do things like asking the prosecutor for permission to leave the state. Neither owns a gun.

Pam and Ron don't like the trial of their seven brothers. During this last visit to our nation's capitol, they came down to Constitution Avenue to yell "Stop the Trial". A few other people who don't like all the political trials going down around the country decided to get their rocks off.

A cannister of violence exploded in front of Pam and Ron's faces. Pam probably will have permanent eye damage. Ron's hearing is impaired.

There's a TV commercial that shows ace Cardinal pitcher Bob Gibson throwing a hardball at a piece of glass. It is special glass. Bob Gibson can't break it no matter how hard he tries. He throws the hardball time and time again. He breaks out in a sweat. The glass

doesn't shatter.

How do you think the B-52 would do with the piece of glass?

Think of violence as a movie. The scene that Attorney General Mitchell will show at the next FBI smoker consists of a commie-anarchist-militant plunking some stuff against the fortress. If he shows the gas attack that follows, he'll turn up the volume so that everyone can hear the soundtrack: "Reckless action by a callous nihilist caused grievous injury to several non-violent bystanders."

There will be no questions from the floor about why ten thousand people were gassed because two guys threw rocks into some empty offices.

The prosecution at the Conspiracy trial runs the same game. They take an hour of network film and watch it until a few seconds worth of heavy-sounding material appears. This meaty stuff is lifted from its context, the prosecutor gets the judge to over-rule the defense's objections, and the jury flips over what it sees.

If the Conspiracy prosecution was honest they would show helmeted police bashing peace-and-flower folk up and down Michigan Avenue during the Convention. They would talk about the difference between real blood and a piece of paper that says nobody can be in a Chicago park after eleven pm. They would show six months of wasted negotiations.

And if our Attorney General was on the up-and-up he would show his entire movie. Scenes of people being convicted for political crimes. Shots of people being beaten by cops for no reason. Panoramic sweeps of narcs crashing the doors of dooper apartments. Closeups of payoffs and ignored surveys on judicial reform. Some footage on class justice in the courtroom. Personality posters of Huey Newton in California, Bobby Seale in Chicago, John Sinclair in Ann Arbor, Martin Sostre in Buffalo, Jane Alpert in New York City.

INSTITUTIONAL VIOLENCE

Some of those media baron vamped on by Spiro have accused the Administration of being "anti-intellectual." That's a shame. If the Attorney General had the soul of an artist, he could show the boys some of the

foreign versions. The Japanese print has 100,000 students attacking military trains and tossing molotov cocktails into police stations. The Italian rendition comes complete with workers seizing factories. The reel produced in Latin America has zoom-lens clips of diplomats paying unscheduled visits to student-held buildings.

In Japan, the police don't carry guns. In Berkeley, 150 neighbors were shot during the Battle for People's Park. In Detroit, 33 people were killed during the 1967 insurrection. In Chicago, seven guys are on trial because they didn't have a place to crash when curfew rolled around.

AT&T ran a two-page ad in a bunch of magazines. It was about holograms, which are three-dimensional images that don't need a screen to be seen. Electronic hallucinations with depth to them turned on and off by an invisible projector.

Violence in this country is like that. It happens all the time, but it's channeled and processed so that many of us can go through the day without being clobbered. Personal violence is restricted to ghettos and poor neighborhoods in general, to boxing rings and football stadiums, to highways, to the army. Violence is a spectator sport that brings 60,000 fans into Soldiers' Field on fall Sundays to watch two groups of eleven guys (generally named after ferocious animals) crash into each other. Violence is weeded out of the history books so that even old-time Chicagoans begin to forget the gangland shootouts and labor struggles that went on all through the Twenties and Thirties.

Meanwhile, genocidal violence is exported to invisible lands and institutional violence keeps people here down and drives us all crazy.

A rock through a window is a hologram, more "real" and more "violent" than a bombed village or 500 corpses in Pinkville.

So the next time you're sitting around tossing a rock from hand to hand waiting for the old revolution to come down your block and somebody runs up to you and says, "Now don't be violent!" just take out those photos of Pinkville and that National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence survey and say, "Don't worry man. We're number one!"

Rolling Stone recently decided that The Kinks new album -Arthur- is "the best British album of 1969"



Reprise Records would like to wish The Beatles, The Stones, & The Who better-luck-in-'70.

The best British album of 1969 is on Reprise—where it belongs.

liberate y'self next week?

Well, gang, your lovable Seedlings blew it this time. Remember the cover of Vol. 4 No. 7, two issues back, that said, among other things, "Funny, you don't look like a glutton." Well we get reminded of it about 25 times a day. Seems like we never seriously considered the possibility that folks would cut those little coupons at the bottom of the page out and send them in. But about a thousand of you did. See, we did the cover as a spoof on an ad for the American National Bank which said "Funny, you don't look like a revolutionary", and went on to tell about the wonders of capitalism for those who have money and can't figure out how to spend it. The straight ad had a cut-out coupon at the bottom...so, of course, we put a cut-out coupon at the bottom of our version. "What's gonna happen when they send all those coupons back?" someone asked. "Well, we'll just have to print up a bunch of cards somewhere and send them out, y'know". And that's where it's been for the last month, so that now we've got a drawerful of coupons and no real idea what to do with them. We'll probably get some cards printed up eventually and send them out to you, and we may make you all ministers in the Universal Life Chhurch, too. If five of you got together, you could be a church, with your own services, dogma, scripture, etc.. Anyway, we'll get it out, probably as a Christmas present for all you long-suffering Seed fans. In the meantime, even though we blew our end of the deal, some of the letters are too good to bypass:

People:

Help me! Through each other we can perhaps save others from impending doom. Perhaps not. We can try, and have fun in the meantime.

love.peace.power.happiness.freedom.
dutch

Friends and Neighbors,

I'm not much of a revolutionary depending on which kinds you have in mind. No deep commitment to people yet. Still growing a little at a time. Have a belief in non-violence as a means and a life-style, but not enough guts, peace of mind, self-possession to carry it out honestly now.

Just mushing along with a lot of other beings at the prisonarmycamp main post office, trying to get enough breas together to buy a Volks bug outright. Not much time for anything else. Just existing most of the time.

Sometimes I may sound like a liberal and look very straight, but I think I may slowly free my mind of the conventional humbug.

A lot I could write but I don't know what you want me to know. In the meantime...

peace, Bob

People,

Open heads,
to inside pounded-in thoughts
and all opens
before eyes, ears, ALL

a step towards
you and me
together

Please send card for I DO need a reminder. Maybe it will eventually come naturally—hope/pray/whatever that it will.

Love, Andy

Sirs:

Conditions in our school are steadily worsening. We wish to join the Idea Revolution. We are fed up with the fucking establishment and wish to see it changed—NOW! Please send two Liberate Yourself Now cards.

Downstate Revolutionaries

Dear Seed,

I would like one of your Liberate Yourself Now cards. As you can guess, I am in the Navy. Let me tell you it sucks, it was the biggest mistake of my life. I am from Chicago, the North Side. You guys put together a groovy paper, it's great to be able to read a good home town paper. So much for that shit. I wonder if there is anything I can do to help the movement, if at all possible I would like to have some SDS literature, RYM II if possible, just some groovy stuff written by real people. Do you people know anyone who I could get in touch with concerning getting out of this damn outfit? Hope to hear from you guys soon.

Bill/peace

Seed:

Please send me the "Liberate Yourself Now" card. I can see how this installment slavery is but a part of this capitalistic Gov't. Help me!

Kevin

Dear Sirs of Seed:

Yes!! Please rush the Liberate Myself Now card. An excellent idea. Ah, but one thing heah: could you put my age (16) on it—my date of birth, that is. I mean, I mean y'hear, they proof you at some "X" flicks or buying wine or getting busted: and the LYN card is such an IMMENSELY BETTER proof than social security or similar crap, no? MERCI. MERCI. et Merci...

E Mirante

PS: [written in the middle of a picture of a large pink grapefruit—] The Japanese word for grapefruit is gurepu fruitsu.

Dear Seed:

PLEASE SEND ALL RELEVANT MATERIAL.

R. Freund

Dear Sirs:

I may not look like a glutton but I am, I'm asking for about 500 of your Youth International Freestore cards to distribute around the St. Louis and Kansas City areas. Sorry I cannot give you postage but we're as broke as you are. Red Law is a newly formed public service organization, not really into things yet, but organizing for next summer. You'll be hearing a lot more about us sometime after Christmas.

Fuck You (affectionately) Robert

Brothers & Sisters,

Please rush me as many 'Liberate Yourself' cards as you can spare. One for me and the others for my friends. I understand they are FREE!

Right? Right on!

Also I lost my Yippie button and I wonder if you can replace it. If you have any groovies for sale or for FREE, please send me a catalogue of something comparable.

Stop the Trial! Free Bobby Seale! Power to the PEOPLE!

love, Jeannie

Dear Seed!

NEED A JOB — ITS MONEY TOO MUCH
POWER — COPPING OUT DON'T CONTACT ME
ABC — NOTICE THE SHOE — LAND OF LINCOLN

Dear Seed,

Could you send me two Liberate Yourself Now cards (for me and a friend)? It's a great idea. Or could you make that three? Then my friend in Minnesota can have one.

Peace, Debbie

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FOR
ALL
SEASONS



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WOODSTOCK
NATION
A VINTAGE BOOK

ABBIE HOFFMAN,
Yippie non-leader,
notorious dope addict and up-and-
coming rock group (the WHAT),
is currently on trial with seven others
(or conspiracy to incite riot during the Demo-
cratic Convention. When he returned from the Wood-
stock Festival he had five days before leaving for Chicago
to prepare for the trial. WOODSTOCK NATION, which the
author wrote in longhand while lying upside down, stoned, on
the floor of an unused office of the publisher, is the product of those
five days.

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for John Coltrane's

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through the land. The song that now
keeps us alive, when the other noise

is there to kill us, to deaden our ears
to the song of our selves that
these Musicians sing. Let the force of it

make its way to the hearts of men
in the last days of this era
this error other less human men have made

of our time. The time is now, that men can
make a true song of them selves, a music
that will open all our I's to each

other. Let such a man as
Jimmy Garrison be your base, you can
build on a music strong as his

& make your time as free as
Elvin's, your pulse as McCoy's, your song as
pure as John's, sing a song

as strong as theirs, a song of praise
for men & for the love
of all of our selves —

a song to lead men on
in this cold December
of a long & murderous year

Detroit
6. XII. 65

for men of good will

John Sinclair

Poems from a Free Man



PHOTO/
RAE ANNE
RUBENSTEIN



BRIDGEWORK

to move out (straight out) from your self
makes poetry (or any work)
a possibility, & an act-

uality. There can be no
other measure, no
true one. A work that means to re-
present you as any other thing than
what you are

must be a lie. You pre-
sent yourself, & yr work
represents you. It can do
nothing else — nor can you, try
as you might. You & yr work are

one, there is no true du-
ality, no separ-
ation is possible, lie as you will
that this is not so

The bridge moves straight from one point
to another, from you to me, man to man
man, land to land. It moves to
bridge a gap, a lacking, it
makes movement

a possibility, where before there
was none, or not at least
the range the bridge af-

fords

or to take it another way — bridgeWORK:

how a man can make himself
a bridge for his fellows
thru the strength of his work — a man

comes to stand for
just what it is he's
made of himself, of what it is
he's been given
to do. how his name itself
(the only nomenclature

we can trust, standing as it does
as it is given, for a being
not yet shaped, for

pure potential,
at the moment of
the naming) how this name ex-

pands, as the work piles up
under it, the par-
ticulars, of his existence

it comes to
have meaning, as the work
shapes it, makes it

stand for what exactly it is
the man stands for, how he re-
veals, him, self

this is no
simple
measure, it proposes pre-
cision in such measure
as the measurer so much
is not prepared. That is, not to

drop
names, but to
pick up on them, they

do have
meaning, as the man
working under that name

has created it, thru his
work. This is his
measure, his work, it serves as
a rule, as pure fact, & can
not be broken, not
dropped. (What's,

in a name? You make a
name, for yourself. Watch them
drop it. But (as you are strong) it

will not break. It
spans, all their troubled waters. It
stands, for it

self

Detroit
2-3. XI. 65

JOHN SINCLAIR Letter

Dear Abbie,

I still think that WOODSTOCK NATION is a useful name at present since it has the constant reference to Woodstock, which has to be kept in front of the people so they can relate back to it at all times. Of course if we can come up with a more useful name in Council I would go for it. But the one thing is to create an image that kids can relate to in their hippiness and fear of "the political". Ideally (as in Woodstock, the name) we should make reference to the Indian (native American) image because they have proved that they relate to it, and besides it is PERFECT on all other levels—except getting wiped out by the honks. There are so many great metaphors in the Native American heritage that are pertinent to present youth Nation. Little Turtle (Michigan Chief) speaking of his nation: The 5 Tribes are like the 5 fingers of a hand. If the tribes remain separate and apart then the 5 fingers of the hand could easily be broken. But if the hand comes together and within each other then it forms a powerful FIST of indestructible strength and unity. So my flash on that, for a symbol, is a fist (as in the clenched fist symbol for power) raised and holding a long peace pipe full of smoking weed, with smoke curling up from the pipe. Another good symbol drawing on our own tradition as well as Native American imagery is the MF's Armed Love symbols, the Zig-Zag man with a bandolero and that great photo of a crazed Red Chief with a rifle across his chest, also the Family Dog Chief with the saying about May the baby Jesus open your mind and shut your mouth. Things like that. The native American symbols Morea uses in the MF documents are all good too, and the Nation should do posters of some of those centerfolds in the RAT the MF's have put out, like WE ARE A PEOPLE and the double-size one with the great dragon and the statement about "boogie people" and cultural repression. It seems to me (I don't know if I wrote this in my last letter) that we should use the tribal-native American-psychedelic mix and focus as much as possible, so the meetings can be called Councils, the different groups tribes (with each tribe IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY—a tribe being any social unit that calls itself a tribe—able to send at least one delegate to future Supreme Councils to discuss problems and means of dealing with them), and the permanent Council members Chiefs or Elders or both.

As far as the color symbology, I don't see why we don't use RED, GREEN & BLACK as in the black nationalist flag too, also since you proposed Black & Green it would be idiotic to leave RED out as red means so much to us in terms of symbology: red man (native American), red as in Mao, red for vitality and blood, red for Panama Red, etc. Plus it adds to confusion in mass media when we use same colors as black groups and also makes alliances with them more easily negotiated when they see (as with White Panthers) that we are sympathetic to even their symbols as well as their programs.... I think it's extremely important to make it clear that we are not any kind of white or hippy nationalist group period, but that we are trying to develop a sense of cultural identity within a people who are oppressed (and have that oppression as their common term) so we can unite ourselves in order to better unite other cultural groups.

Issuing passports & money: may be OK except will probably lead to repression from govt and also obscures the fact that we are trying to do away with money and passports altogether as a way of life. TAX all rock bands is a good idea, but we will have to get the people more together on the issue of bands and their position and role in the Nation before we can pressure the bands into giving it up. They are for the most part, as I'm sure you've known and were reminded of at Woodstock itself, a bunch of capitalist pigs who are wallowing in self-righteousness and hate anything "political" except capitalism as they partake in it. They're just doing their thing, like the cop on the beat, and why should they pay anything, is their position on all matters of this sort. As you know it's hard to even get those ponks to play benefits except in Detroit and SF, and then as they get BIG and make the BIG records and the BIG money they quickly lose all interest in anything except getting BIGGER. I trained the MC 5 for 2 years on a day-to-day basis, but they lost it all when they started getting the capitalist press attention and the money from the New York rock and roll imperialists. Now they won't even give my old lady any money to pay the rent. The rest of the recording bands are much worse almost to a man. It's a good idea and may work when we can educate the people about these bands, but right now the bands exert a lot more influence than we do, and it's a bad influence too, as far as I'm concerned. The rock and roll industry is just Amerikan capitalism in microcosm, and exaggerated to a point beyond belief.

LET THEM EAT CAKE is their cry, as they drop flowers on the people starving in the mud. But if we can make this Nation thing big and exciting enough, as it will be I'm sure if we do it right, THEN we can get the kids to listen to us and our analyses of the economic situation as it controls THEIR OWN LIVES. You dig? Right now some ponks like Allen Katzman and Rolling Stone and the Who would just have to say, why, who do those undesirable political creeps think they are, asking us for some of our hard-earned money to provide services for the kids who gave us the money? Do they know we're the answer to John D. Rockefeller? Here, kid, here's a dime, go buy yourself a drink. You dig? And the kids would pant and say wow, man, that was PETER***TOWNSHEND Creator of the magnificent ROCK OPERA***TOMMY*** It's WAY UP ON THE CHARTS man and I saw them at Woodstock when he brought that funny-talking dude over the head for trying to mix up politics (ugh) with the***MUSIC*** Wow, I saw him backstage with Janis and they were drinkin' champagne and shooting some boss smack. Far out!

Incidentally, did you read the reportage of Woodstock in EVO, the oh wow report, and Katzman's incredible description of the Wild West festival? Even after Chicago and everything else that's gone down since, these people are really in the hippy ozone. They think when they get popped for weed it's an accident or something. I'm sure you remember Rolling Stone's editorial on Chicago and how you & Rubin were going to USE the bands (which never showed anyway) and the rock and roll heaven dream scene for YOUR OWN PERSONAL EGO-TRIPS, man, and how this shouldn't be supported by any self-respecting youth who loves the Hollies and the Beatles. Whew! I just get incoherent when I start thinking about that shit, but I'm going to get it all down once and for all in my book.

OK, onward: FREE SINCLAIR is a good idea, yes, I can really relate to that one. But the wider issue of marijuana laws as political tools is the real thing to work on, along with the so-called obscenity busts and all other busts that are related to our culture/life style. According to the honk culture, everything we do is illegal because THEY MAKE THE LAWS. The whole business of DEFINITION is really crucial and it's crucial to make people see how it works, e.g. what is a law but some words oinked out by some honks meeting in a building somewhere and conspiring to douche some cultural group that lives differently than the lawmakers? It's all the same old problem of image vs. reality. They sit up there and make the laws and then put them out into the national consciousness as if these new laws were handed down from God like the Ten Commandments or something. That's why we were having our people go to those awful city council meetings in Ann Arbor so they could see exactly what the laws were and how they were passed. Since we started doing that we've stopped them from outlawing a lot of our people's activities, but that has to be done on a national basis so all the kids can see what's going on. Who is John Mitchell, anyway? A finance Wall Street lawyer who managed Nixon's campaign—"I programmed the candidate," he said during the campaign—and was given the Department of Justice as his reward and because it's the most important agency in govt now and in the months ahead. Who is Warren Hamburger but an old ponk who teamed with Nix and McCarthy (Joe) in the '50s to get rid of the "Commies" and now gets his Supreme reward when his boy takes office. Who is Clement Haynsworth but some crook from S. C. who Nixon owed Strom Thurmond for whitewashing the southern delegates at the 1968 convention, and Strom threw his boy in the court as his reward and so the niggers won't get any farther out of line. I mean, we know all this but the kids still look at it like it's something weird or holy or something, or don't pay any attention to it and just keep on doing their thing. This ponk in EVO talked about Woodstock being like a hip concentration camp, or said something about he could dig it if there was a groovy camp like that where they could all do their own thing and not have to bother with the awful nasty stuff in the world. No wonder the blacks have no respect for those creeps. But it is our job to educate the people, and it has to be done or we might as well forget the whole thing as far as I'm concerned. Because I don't want any part of a Nation of imbeciles who sit around and shoot speed and listen to bogus records, and all. I've had enough of that forever. And the other ones, the "politicals", are just as bad too, and their culture is bogus as well. The records they listen to are even worse. I read a report in an old Life or Look magazine in the joint which was written by Carl Oglesby about Cuba and his trip there, and it turned my stomach. If I was Castro I would have sent him back to Port Huron. Which brings up another of your great points, that we should try to

get recognition from Cuba, China, North Vietnam et al. plus any other countries that would recognize our Nation and apply for U. N. along with the Black Panther Party as in the 10th point of their program. But it would have to be TOGETHER in order to hope for recognition from those People's Republics because they really aren't playing and neither should we be. Also I think we should make it quite plain to old people and honks in general that we are not against them but are only against the forces that keep them tied up. In other words that the good guys were the Indians, and the bad guys the people who slaughtered them and burned them out. I know it's hard to fight all that brainwash by the bad guys all these years, but we have to make the attempt. That's all part of the language barrier too, because the honk papers and all media of the govt try to make US look like the violent ones when it's really them who are violent. The old 1984 Newspeak ruse. I have been reading the papers from cover to cover every day for over 8 weeks now, since I've been locked up this time, and it's really incredible how they have people believing everything they say about us, and it's all lies. That's why the clenched fist has the peace pipe in it, and any warriors are only for self-defense purposes, etc.

I don't know if we can really draw a map of our territory unless it's a map of north america, because we have to push the thing about no boundaries—a nation of PEOPLE and SPIRIT and not just land which has been ripped off from someone else. I think we have to watch the metaphors and analogies we create because we DO NOT want to perpetrate and perpetuate many of the forms of western honk culture, we want to put them out to pasture because they're obsolete (the forms and life-styles, not the people) and don't work anymore. Money, private property, land, boundaries, passports....

Getting all industries within the Nation to display the symbol of the Nation would have to be mandatory. All tribes will of course maintain their own identities and symbols, but MUST adopt the National symbols along with their own. We should have lots of banners and all that hippie stuff too—lots of red, green & black flags, Zig Zag flags, Armed Love flags, White Panther flags, Yippie flags, Hog Farm flags, etc., etc., maybe a National flag with red green and black with a fist clenching a peace pipe superimposed on it, stuff like that. But the symbol, whatever it is, MUST be displayed on all products and artifacts, newspapers, record albums, drumheads for bands, books, magazines, etc. Also taxes when feasible.... Again I don't think this is really feasible now, to get the money, but your own example and some others may help in convincing others of importance. I'll try to deal with the financial matters in a prepared statement later, i.e. discuss some of those problems from my own experience in the popstar business.

I don't think we should move to resign citizenship in PIGNATION for practical reasons, besides J. Edgar Pig would probably take it seriously, photograph all of us, and arrest us as aliens without visas, etc. But it might be fun to have mass registration at post offices in January as aliens/mutants.

....Full Armed Love slogan is: To love we must survive/To survive we must fight/To fight we must LOVE... and to that I say: All Power to the People! Free Love! Free Life! Free Everything!

(signed) John
Political Prisoner

Skip Taub is Minister of Information of the White Panther Party:

Dear Skip,

I want to discuss the whole business of the Nation with you before we go any further with it.... We should be in complete agreement or at least complete mutual understanding in anything we do. You dig? The main problem I had with your letter was your statement that "there is no need to declare a nation, since that would probably alienate many culture freaks, who would see it as a step by the political left movement to control the new culture." This is not really true, and it is entirely necessary as I see it to not only declare a nation, but to organize the nation along the lines of the Native American confederacies and nations and make our program clear. You said "The word shall spread because it is a spirit that posess us all: we must all be free, the Indian visions of unity and oneness with the mother earth are all the program a people need, for it is not concocted, it is necessary for survival." We are going to need more of a program than that if we are going to unite the people and move for revolution in the Mother Country. I have been doing a lot of studying and thinking and planning, and I ran down some of this in my letter to Abbie, but let me reiterate it here as best I can.

s from Prison

First, the nation, which I have been thinking could be called the Sun Dance Nation, because the image of SUN and DANCE has been paramount to me always, and that also was the major summer festival of the Sioux Nation and other plains Indians and also relates to the youth culture. Incidentally, to Don, it was Chief Little Turtle and not Tecumseh (altho the two were close allies in fighting Mad Anthony Wayne and other honks in this very area—Wayne County and Wayne State U are named for Mad Anthony Wayne, and we whipped Little Turtle and Tecumseh in 1793) it was Little Turtle who used the metaphor of the fist and the fingers in talking about the confederation he was organizing to defend the Indian territory against the honks. Tecumseh's original name was Tecumteh, which meant A Flying Wildcat or Wildcat Springing Upon Its Prey, much like that drawing of the White Panther that Grimshaw has done, with the wings.

Anyway, the Nation should be widely declared and used as a means to unite all the various tribes of freaks and radicals throughout the country, who must be made to see that we have to start getting it together and stop arguing and carrying on amongst ourselves. The Nation would have its own symbols, including the peace pipe in the fist and a sun dance symbol and flag, and it would hold councils to which all tribes would send delegates to discuss matters of survival and culture. Each cultural unit that declares itself a tribe and names itself as a tribe would be given the opportunity to attend, and this means that the news of the Sun Dance Nation would have to be spread throughout all the people and enough advance notice given that many many tribes could attend, and it would have to be organized so that all business would be properly taken care of and all questions resolved. But a FESTIVAL above and beyond—and incorporating—all of that. We should set a date for the first council meeting in the spring when the weather changes, and bands should be committed, land set aside, meals and housing arranged, etc., all in a fool-proof manner so that the council really comes off. This should be a major objective of the winter months, and all affairs should be thoroughly covered. First, a meeting of the ARM and UPS papers should be held where all agree to help organize and publicize the event, all hands should be contacted long in advance, etc., etc. IT HAS TO HAPPEN. We are really facing a prolonged and terrible onslaught by the forces of honko repression and if we don't get this shit together now we will be in for a long war that will hurt a lot more people than it has to. I am very serious about this. A committee or advance guard should be set up to handle these preparations, and this should be its single function, to prepare for the 1st Supreme Council meeting of the Sun Dance Nation. I cannot stress the importance of this offensive too much, because it MUST BE DONE NOW!

The Nation will express the reality of our culture in America as a unit based on the realities of America before the pigs and honks got here and ripped the land off from the red brothers. But the honks are NOT going to give up what they've got just by us saying we believe all men are brothers and all the land belongs to all the people—you should know that by now and you really sound silly talking like some goddamn hippy in San Francisco. Even the hippies are starting to realize the stupidity of that approach and the need for development as a nation and for self-defense. Not to mention political action to get some power for ourselves.

Next, a political governing and/or negotiating body must be created, and I would propose the Youth International Party, with a full cabinet to handle all political affairs and negotiations with friendly nations and by the M. C. This government would include the people who are presently active in an organized fashion, as we've discussed before—people who know what's going on and are prepared to assume these duties and work at discharging them. This political body should be responsive to the Nation as a whole and will report and discuss their functions at the Supreme Council meeting in the spring. The people of the Nation don't have to have anything to do with the Central Committee, but it must be recognized by the people and empowered by the people and must above all SERVE THE PEOPLE as a whole. I am defining "people" as "the classes, strata, and social groups which favor, support, and work for the cause of socialist construction...social forces and groups which resist the socialist revolution and are hostile to or sabotage socialist construction are all enemies of the people." Also, we must work to bring more and more of the masses within the definition of "the people" while pointing out to them that we are not their enemies, it is the capitalist and imperialist government which is their enemy....

Anyway, there is still too much antagonism being directed at the bourgeoisie as in Ann Arbor, and not enough effort being made to educate the bourgeoisie as to who is in fact their enemy, i.e. the capitalists

and the police lackeys and demagogic politicians.... Our rhetoric has been too irresponsible and too crazy in the past, mostly thru my own shortcomings, but also mostly because the times and conditions were very different. We have to be ever mindful that things are changing very very rapidly now, and that there are masses of people who are anxious to hear what we have to say....

One of the most important changes lately is that we are getting an increasingly greater opportunity to reach the masses of the people, as in these courts and in cases like mine and the Chicago conspiracy. People are beginning to wonder what we're talking about, and it's not enough just to say rock and roll, dope, and fucking in the streets. It's time to push the 10-Point program and its significance for the masses, and how the present ruling structure is keeping the people from their rightful lives. I'll try to finish that pamphlet up in the next couple of days, but I'll have to study and think a long time before I start any important project to make sure I come up with the right thing. So please don't get impatient, I'm doing all I can. But it has to be done, and unfortunately I can't take any part in spreading it—that's all up to you all, especially to you, Skip, because you're the most eloquent. But we have to keep in mind the necessity of not alienating any more straight people than necessary---the SDS adventurists are really blowing it in that respect. Now is the time, when the masses are starting to come around and listen to what we have been saying for years, to consolidate these gains and make them see that our struggle is their struggle. The Moratorium today is the biggest thing in history—two years ago this kind of protest was vilified and bad-mouthed throughout the honk culture, now they're running to endorse the end of the war and, by corollary, the end of imperialism. They don't know how these things are connected, and it's up to us to educate them and let them know what's going on.

One of the important things in establishing the Nation is that each tribe must be left to their own devices as far as their cultural habits and folkways go—that is where the tolerance and peace/love of the hippies must be extended. Let a hundred flowers bloom! But we're all in the same garden and must live with each other.

...As I've said before, I'm in a unique position because I can observe the changes that are going on in the straight culture with some objectivity, since I don't have to be ducking and dodging and working my ass off all day long every day. I read their propaganda organs and listen to the television news broadcasts and can see that things have changed considerably even since I've been gone—just three months. Even straight people can start to dig what's happening with their government, viz. my father's letters to me, which I hope the Daily will print. He's been home reading the newspapers and is getting a revolutionary education just from studying his own culture, which he's never really done before because (1) he hasn't had time, and (2) he hasn't had a radical context to which to refer the things he finds out. It's really amazing, man, how he's digging everything that's going on. And if it can happen to him, a stomp-down Barry Goldwater supporter from five years ago, it can happen to a lot more people.

We have to demonstrate to the masses that we are with them, not against them. We haven't been doing that, and we MUST MUST MUST start NOW! And we must do it in a systematic and friendly manner, and we must organize our own people (to me American youth, Chinese peasants and workers) and apply the teachings of Brother Mao to our own time and place. Otherwise we're just woofing and bullshitting, and that's no good....

Keep in touch, brother, and be Strong. All Power to the People! Long Live the Youth International Party! Long Live the Minister of Defense! SERVE THE PEOPLE!

(signed) LOVE, JOHN
POLITICAL PRISONER

Just came back from dinner and decided to add a few words before mailing this off—

Listening to the news about the Moratorium—sounds like a historical event, as Walter Cronkite is saying. I heard earlier that the brothers in Chicago raised an american flag and a VietCong flag at the defense table, which was right on, and the judge and the creeps running the courtroom freaked! That trial is going to stand as a milestone in American history—I just wish I would have had sense enough to push the same strategy at my trial as I had always planned to do—I know at least I would have had a chance to beat this shit, but Ravitz insisted on doing it his way, and we weren't together enough to do it right anyway. If the conspiracy charge does go through and I have to stand trial on that, we'll

have to really do it right. The day of sitting calmly and "rationally" through those kinds of kangaroo court proceedings are over—they just run us through the lawnmower and give us the max anyway, so it doesn't do any good to hope that if we "behave" ourselves in the fascist courts they'll go "easier" on us. I'm really pissed off that we gave them such an easy time in Detroit, but there's nothing that can be done about that now except not to do it again. We have to start seizing every opportunity to run our story to the masses via the mass media that are offered us, and these trials are the best way so far.

I want to talk some more about the need for unity among all the people and all the various "radical" and "revolutionary" groups in the country—we waste so much time in divisive and mutually harmful bullshit that we weaken our own forces and end up helping the enemy. It's really up to us to educate the rest of the brothers and sisters to the need for all-encompassing unity. Also, there's entirely too much silly adventurism and not enough emphasis on offering positive concrete solutions to the masses—that's why we have to define our 10-point program even more and start pushing it, stimulating discussions on the possibility of effecting it in America, etc. People are really curious as to what we're talking about, and we have to start answering their questions. All our programs should be related back to the 10-point program so people can see that the program is possible and inevitable. I'll be working on more ways to implement this approach, and so should everyone there....

(signed) LOVE, JOHN

THE FOLLOWING LETTER HAS BEEN EDITED FOR GENERAL INTEREST:

October 14, 1969

....we MUST create a strong link between the white cultural revolution and the black rebellion, and a common symbology seems to be one sure way of doing that, not only on the immediate level of working with and expressing sympathy for black revolutionary groups, but also in the public eye through the media. My earlier suggestion vis a vis the flag was to arrange a meeting with Robert F. Williams and the RNA people and talk about future plans, particularly the formation and announcement of the Nation and the establishing of should be made and the significance of the White Panther Party, the Youth International Party, and the rising youth Nation should be explained in full in case they don't understand it. Because it will be very important in the near future for a working alliance to be constructed and maintained if we are really going to have a revolutionary government in this country. and we ARE going to have one, there's no way around it. But this stuff has to be set up and it has to be worked out, meetings have to be held and treaties or whatever you want to call them have to be drawn up between these different peoples.... Pun mentioned that "certain people mentioned something about not using the same colors that the black nationalists use 'cause it would really be a blow to their thing, or at least they would think it was a blow, and if we were to use the same colors they used then I'm afraid we would get into the same situation we're in now with the white panther symbol, like since we use the white panther symbol we always seem to be the white tip on the tail of the black panther, and it just makes it harder for them (black nationalists) to keep their thing going...."

If they are looking at it that way, like paper revolutionaries as we were when we started the Party, then they should be educated and meetings definitely are in order. But with people like Robert F. Williams and Brother Imari involved, who are really serious revolutionaries of long standing, I feel that we should make all possible efforts to unite at least symbolically with them in every way possible, and let them know that we recognize the Republic of New Africa as a legitimate government, and will expect diplomatic recognition of our govt. and Nation when we get it set up next year. You dig? And fuck all that other shit because we have to get this stuff together RIGHT NOW and KEEP getting it together, because the Mother Country govt. is indeed collapsing and there will be little time to waste very soon—there's none to waste now, except so many of our people are still wasting it.

My idea for the flag was red for communism, black for anarchy and power, and green for land and reefer with a raised clenched fist with the peace pipe in it superimposed. I have some other ideas for the Nation based on some Indian books I'm reading and studying now, but I won't report until I have consolidated all c

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the things that I'm working on. But it should be made clear to the RNA and other groups that we are not opposed to black nationalism or rather cultural nationalism of any kind, we base our Nation on the idea of co-equal tribes of different areas and different cultures, with no attempt or coercion toward the "melting pot" bullshit where all cultural groups are assimilated into one big honko beef stew. We consider the blacks in America as a distinct culture that must have the right to self-determination as all cultures must. Does that make sense to you? Let me know what your feelings are on this whole question, because as far as I'm concerned it's one of the most important questions facing us now and in the future. My own feeling is that we should be as closely associated with black groups as possible, for the obvious reasons. And the only difficulty I see with the symbol and name of our Party now is that the BPP is not up to par—if they were still operating at the level they were at when we started the WPP then there wouldn't be any question in my mind as to what to call ourselves. But I still feel we are more advanced and readier than they are, and they're still the readiest of all the black groups. Robert F. Williams knows what the deal is, but he may be leary of us because we're associated with the BPP and they've constantly attacked black nationalism, and Williams has tried to run it down to them in his pamphlet the CRUSADER which he published from China—I don't know what the current feeling is between the RNA and the BPP, but if possible we should establish contact....

I feel very strongly that as soon as possible the Party should start organizing on the college campuses, starting at U-M, and trying to get the students involved in a total cultural assault, including the establishment of communes, control of communications facilities, e.g. newspapers, radios, etc., lots of dances and film screenings, lectures, liberation classes, and related activity. SDS is too jive and too out of touch with reality as it exists in America today to do the people or the students any good. The main thrust should be that students are members of the YOUTH class, and are a part of the same cultural group, and should move for more power on campuses as black groups have. There are too many hip students who are hung up in bullshit protests or else in reaction to the "politics", and we've got to start organizing and educating them. I'll be writing to that effect for the Daily, and hope we can get something going. Emphasis will be on culture, what it is, etc., and how they can relate to what we're talking about.

All Power to the People! Long Live the Minister of Defense, wherever he may be! Long Live the Youth International Party!

(signed) LOVE, JOHN
POLITICAL PRISONER

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There are many, many problems to be discussed and worked out—but there is enough interest in the idea of a new nation to begin now. Just the complexity and energy required to bring off 20 massive, national rock festivals is staggering, but we can do it.

We are the musicians, the underground press, the underground radio stations, the revolutionary poets, printers and poster artists. We have the communications and distribution network.

Mostly, we have the people—literally and realistically millions of brothers and sisters to join with us from all parts of the country. But we must begin now. We must meet, rap, plan, decide and act. And we must act soon—because the cities are closing in around us and the streets will soon belong to the pigs.

I will not shed one drop of blood for all the asphalt in Chicago or all the smog in Los Angeles. That is part of the death trip I put behind me when I left Their world. There is no honor, no sanity, nor any purpose in dying for that pile of shit called Amerika.

I will fight for—even die for—the good earth, land I can work on, play on, fuck on, grow on. I will fight to preserve and expand our revolutionary culture. But I will only do it in terms that make sense to me for a land that is worth saving.

Our revolution is not about power or glory or property or privilege. It is about Life—Life for our planet, Life for brothers and sisters, Life for our life-style. Our land is the green hills of earth. The Rainbow is our flag.

To dare such dreams is to dare be free. And rather the dream than the nightmare of bloody battles and concentration camps. If it must be the nightmare, then let us at least pick the time, the place, the reasons, the goals.

To turn our collective backs on the United States and all it now means, to declare ourselves a new body, a new sovereignty, a new people—this is not to drop out but to come together, to join together—in the spirit of People's Park—in the spirit of Woodstock—to build a new nation. STEVE HAINES / BERKELEY TRIBE

MEDIUM

"Medium Cool" opened a few months ago in the Loop to a chorus of whispers about how Hizzoner D. Mayor had done everything short of causing a police riot on Randolph Street to block it from coming to Chicago. The front of the Oriental was a sensationalized celebration of the coup: a giant piece of green cardboard covering the entire entrance, with white letters reading THE HIPPIES! THE GHETTO! UPTOWN! GRANT PARK! scattered over it.

"Medium Cool" seems to have been squeezed out after a three-week run. It disappeared for awhile, but finally resurfaced at the Three Penny Cinema on Lincoln Avenue. The Three Penny is the Chicago home for "illegitimate" movies; any commercial or art film too hot for most theaters can approach the management without fear of having its celluloid painted red or half the staff run out of the screening shrieking about obscenity. The Three Penny is hip enough so that Newsreel can have its offices down the block and not feel co-opted.

"Medium Cool" may please most of its viewers, but the brothers and sisters on the block probably have a few complaints.

"Medium Cool" is Haskell Wexler's story of a photographer's learning about America. First he learns that several hundred thousand poor white folks from Appalachia and points south live in Chicago. Then he learns that black people see things in different—not worse—ways than do white liberals. Then he learns that—shades of the Conspiracy trial—the FBI and the cops have been digging his films for all the old familiar faces. Finally, he learns during the Convention that cops can be pigs and that the circus can play the Amphitheater under other names.

The authorities in medieval England used to use some heavy tortures. An old favorite was to connect the arms and legs of the dude or woman to be dealt with to four horses and then have the beasts pull at right angles to each other. The results were unpleasant.

"Medium Cool" can't take the tension of being pulled in many directions at the same time. We see at least a half-dozen lifestyles, but none are developed past the point of stereotyping. Hillbillies are people who like guns and get baptized. Black people like guns and wear tooth necklaces. Happiness is a warm gun for white Chicago housewives after the riots following Martin Luther King's death. Hippies bleed a lot when clubbed. Liberals are boring, sterile, and wear underwear.

The existence of our photog-in-the-street main character only adds to the problem. He awakens to inklings of racism and class differences, but continues to deal with them as if he were tenant-of-the-year at Carl Sandburg Village: patronizingly and diffidently in spite of his alleged closeness to an Uptown woman and her fatherless son. We never find out whether our hero looks like he just downed three black beauties because the producer-writer wants us to condemn phony sensibility or because the guy playing him is such a bad actor.

The hero's awakening parallels the decay of America, but the picture ends with him still half-asleep. His reality in Resurrection City is the mud. His reaction to a TV special about the dead doctor King is to rap about film techniques. He finally gets angry just before the Convention when he learns that the auth-

orities are peeping at his footage, but even then he reacts to his immediate situation—how can THEY (the station) do that with MY stuff?—rather than to the intrusion of the police and their use of the press as their information agency.

Lennie Bruce had this goof on a movie called "The Esther Costello Story." Esther Costello is deaf, dumb, and blind. Some guy rapes her. Suddenly, she can hear, talk and see.

"Medium Cool" prompts the same question as "The Esther Costello Story": So what's the moral? He awakens to the FBI's prying, and it gets him fired. The Convention hips him to the abuse of police power, but the movie ends with a ka-boom. Is the photographer America in miniature, torn apart by forces too massive for a nation of individuals to deal with? Or is he the Revolution in miniature, savaged by confrontations with the power of the state?

For a picture which on one level is nothing less than the history of violence in America from April to August 1968—from King through Kennedy to the Convention—"Medium Cool" has trouble getting its politics together. At its end we are left with irony instead of the resolution of the tension of awakening that runs through the film. An emotionless kid snapping pictures of tragedy may be a sharp commentary on the hero's life-style and beliefs, but it's a scene that says nothing about the larger wounds sustained by the entire country. The only way to tie the 'man movie' to the 'society flick' is to assume that Wexler thought it would be groovy to have a liberal come up against the latent violence that walks with him through his day as a parallel to the naked violence that radical anti-war protestors, hip people, blacks, and mountain women and their children see throughout their respective days.

"Medium Cool" deals only with the effects of violence, with how people act when confronted by it. People get killed, people buy guns, partisans clash, but nowhere is the violence brought home to roost at its source. In that sense, the randomness of the ending is what we used to call *deus ex machina* back in drama class: God comes from the wings to rescue the auteur hopelessly stuck in the quicksand of too many mini-plots and indecision about where he stands on big topics.

Visually, the movie is kind of a treat. The Convention footage is a must for people who weren't there or who need a reminder: a few people in the audience were heard to chant "Pigs Eat Shit" along with the brothers and sisters in Grant Park. The shots of pigeons flying and light bouncing off car windows are intriguing. The level of cameraship is high throughout the film, and the overall cinematography is strong enough to recommend the film to out-of-towners as a guide to the sights and energy of the lake areas of Chicago.

But this light-show isn't enough to erase the disappointment that incompleteness brings into mind. The movie's announced content is political, so it's not unfair to rue that Wexler never probed beneath the surface of the events his lenses captured so prettily. You leave unsure about what you have seen, not because you've been overwhelmed (like in 2001) or blown out (like in Easy Rider), but because you haven't really seen much more than an artsy creampuff.

"Medium Cool" is medium cool, and that ain't so hot.

Abe Peck

COOL

The sounds battered my eardrums, the room was oppressively crowded, the air hung heavy with smoke. I was at a party at Paul Sills' Body Politic Theater given for all the people of the new theaters on Lincoln Avenue.

I arrived stoned at two a.m. I sat on a bleacher bench, sipping a superfluous beer, watching the dancers. Sixty people were crowded on the theater-in-the-round stage, moving to the vibrations of two drums and amplified guitars and harps. As if by group-will the Living Theater-like pile-up began. First one couple, then three, then twelve couples sprawled across the stage. The drums became more intense and a mind-bending strobe-light cut through the lavender spots, creating an intense jerky-motion film. But this was not a film. In three-dimensional living action the partyers writhed, wriggled and screamed to the blues beat. At first I flushed with the warm feeling of Community — "they're touching and getting it together." Then I became frightened.

The last time I was in a crush of people was that night in August of 1968 at the Conrad Hilton when the Chicago police cleverly contained a crowd in front of the hotel by pushing, shoving and clubbing it from three sides, the fourth side being the hotel wall. The only avenue of escape was to break through the windows of the hotel's street-level tavern. The fears felt in that crush were primal — "don't let anyone step on your feet, don't lose your shoes, keep shouting 'WALK! WALK!', don't panic." What a flash to be mentally carried from a party of friends to an orgy of destruction.

Yet, the pile-up on the dancing floor WAS as destructive as the pushing police. Perhaps more so, because it was self-destructive and, significantly, it was performed by professional actors on a stage for THEIR benefit who are most sensitive to the surrounding madness.

We . . . the Youth Culture, the hippies and Yuppies, the disillusioned, disenfranchised, disenchanting children of continuous war, political repression and govern/mental stupidity continue to act out in our cultural phantasmagoria the evils which engulf us. The amplitude of our music is the roar of the subway, the sound of the bombs, the din of the traffic. The over-crowding at the now literally bombed-out Kinetic Playground is the State Street crunch and expressway jam. The electric light-show throb is Randolph Street and Times Square. The smoke and reduction of clean breathing air is urban air pollution. We are acting out the phenomena that we warn our parents against. As long as we do not struggle to destroy the madness, we allow the madness to destroy us.

"Dare to struggle, dare to win" is not empty sloganeering. We must be strong and courageous in order to stand up to and to defeat Mister Lonely, because he's within us at every concert, party, demonstration and

...All the Lonely People



PHOTO/ARMANDO

toke. He thrives at gatherings of "liberated souls". I see him in coffee houses, restaurants, movies and bars. He was Marvin Garson on the phone Saturday night saying that "what we must do is rant and rave." He was Abbie Hoffman sitting stoned on the stage at Woodstock. He is in Allen Ginsberg's poems and Gerard Melanga's diaries. He is The Man within.

To defeat The Man, confront him. When he manifests himself, embrace him. Don't hide in the crowd, don't frustrate yourself by attempting escape in multiple loneliness — dig the loneliness alone and struggle to understand your own relationship to it. Then, and meanwhile, continue the quest for completion — completion through one other, through two others, through All Other . . .

The food on the roadside restaurant table looks like a five-color Ladies Home Journal ad, I'm gonna be sick. Slick red-oranges and thick orange-red glazes—baked apple and chili. "Cream" in a plastic container, the list of chemical ingredients a mobius strip. A menu of hot dog, chili dog, hamburger and coke. The jukebox does not stop, it is being nourished with quarters. The trucker plays the pinball machine and wins a free game on the pinball machine in order to play another game on the pinball machine. We ride to get out of the city, but we can't get the city out of us.

"Did you bring the star book," my companion asks? "You can't tell the stars without a star book," I mumble.

Hell, there's a star, a bar, a car, a char-woman in the Heavens sweeping the galactic dust! Do I need her name? There's a star — maybe dead for a thousand years, still glowing. The star is energy and I am energy. Why, I can stand in the meadow and look into the center of the galaxy! Oh yes. Without a star book, without non-foods, without games, without music.

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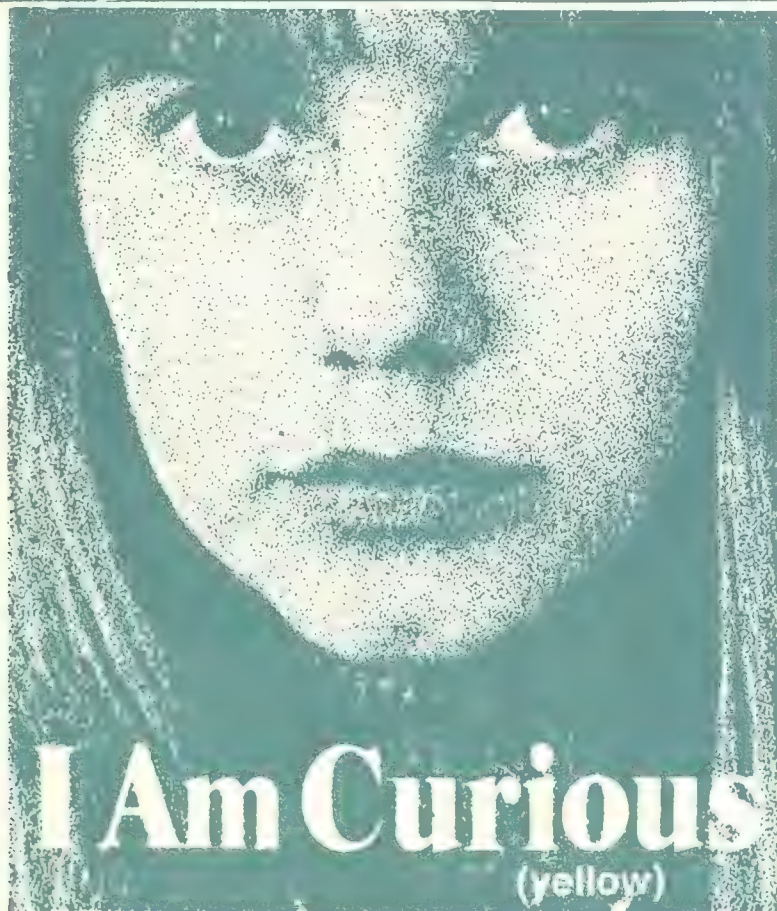
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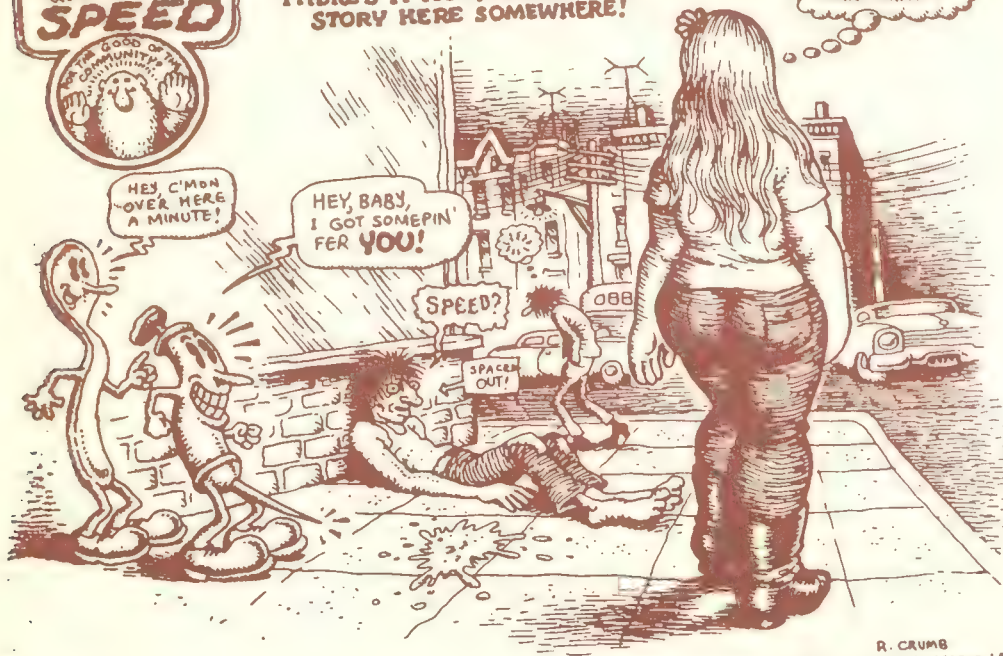
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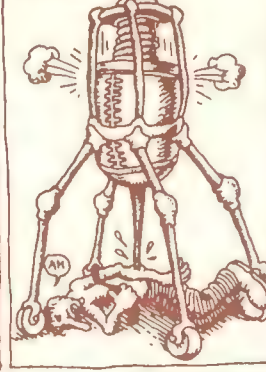
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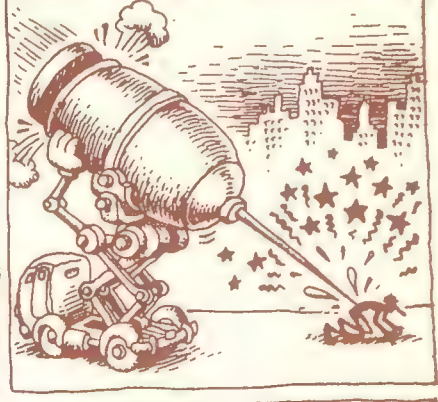
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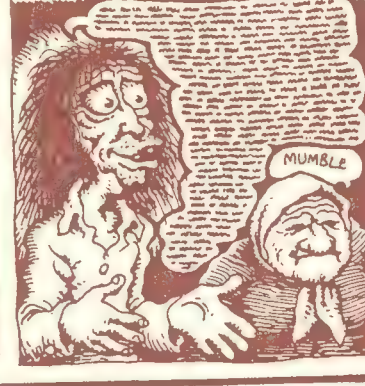
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SOME OF THEM WISE UP AND SHAKE THE FILTHY HABIT!



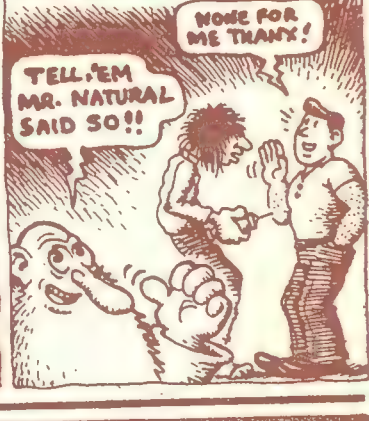
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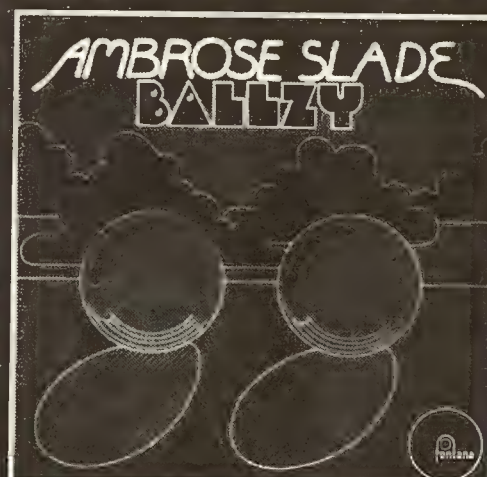
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CONT'D FROM P. 3

God of media, McGinnis is Moses, for his book is the Ten Commandments on relating to the desert-wasteland of television. Nixon does not understand the media, his speech the week before was a colossal political blunder timed as it was a week before the Mobilization. Even though he doesn't understand the media, Nixon, being the shrewd used-car dealer that he is, knows enough to pack his staff with men that comprehend it completely. Nixon's whole ad campaign is similar to Volkswagen's. Security, low price, permanence, tricks in editing and tonal qualities in the announcer's voice that are so subtle they go unnoticed — Nixon is the best value you can get for your dollar. He even looks like a Volkswagen!

Media is a battle of images. The image of the masses huddled beneath the monument listening to speeches is pure marshmallow, designed from the beginning to gain a pat on the back in the pages of the New York Times and benefit only the button sellers. From a revolutionary point of view, the only drama is "Sex and Violence". Check out the Movies. See what people go to see, especially young people. See what they Peace equated with non-violence is boring. You express Peace by Fucking. You express War by Fighting. We want a future world of Peace but presently we are at War. You cannot express outrage at the policies of the Amerikan Government by raising a 'V' sign. Outrage takes on meaning when you see someone throwing a rock through a window. Hip Yippies understand this. Hip Yippies understand the Theater of Cruelty. Yippie Violence is different than Weatherman Violence. The Weathermen want to do hand-to-hand combat with the pigs. So they pick the biggest and best known around, pick a random date for obscure reasons and an arena the way sportsmen would and then go into battle. It might be termed "Ghandian Violence"; the element of purging guilt thru bearing witness is quite apparent. Yippie Violence is unplanned. It is always spontaneous and dependant on the situation. Yippie Violence is directed against the stys of the pigs, the institutions through which the Amerikan system gets its nourishment. The image of people pounding on the doors of the Justice Department with STOP THE TRIAL flags, of rocks being thrown through the windows of the building, the gassing of Attorney General Mitchell by his own troops, all this conveys spontaneous outrage felt. The Weathermen would have done well to wait until Washington, but still violence in hand-to-hand struggle does not seem to be as effective and as

readily understood or as even political as symbolic attacks on sanctuaries of power. It does not have to always be violent, although it does always have to be disruptive. The image of "business as usual" must be disturbed. The confrontation at the Pentagon was disruptive even the protestors never got into the building as was the action in Chicago. When myths are made, closure is provided by the viewer. One can do a front flip 50-feet in front of the Federal Building in Chicago and by the next day it becomes done in the presence of the jury on top of the defense table, 23 floors above the sidewalk before an astonished tyrannical judge. Thus the courtroom is turned into a circus. In *Revolution for the Hell of It*, I wrote that revolutionary theater is to use as much force as is necessary, no more, no less. If you can create the circus atmosphere by doing acrobatics outside the building by all means do it. However, be prepared to do that trick right on the judge's bench if need be. In Washington, people achieved the object of showing their outrage by throwing a few rocks through the Justice Department windows. The level and intensity of violence should be carefully balanced in relationship to the desired effect and the risks involved. In language as well, the same principle of using only as much force as is necessary to create the desired effect is important. One should never get into a trap, as did say the Weathermen. Check the difference in relating to the press:

Reporter: Why are you going to Chicago?

Weatherman: To fight the pigs.

Compare that to the following:

Reporter: Why are you marching on the Justice Department?

Yippie: To give it an enema.

Enema is kind of a nice image. It's vague on the question of violence but not really. If you were a Mother in the tradition of Amerikan home care: the image of giving someone an enema (only children get enemas) is a healthy, wholesome act. If you are a kid on the other hand, an enema means something quite different — it means an act of violence or more specifically, an act of revenge.

Also the indictments of the government look rather foolish when people are put on trial for "giving enemas." That would be apparent to anyone who sat in on our Conspiracy trial in Chicago. The Mob (the "e" doesn't fit the Chicago action) and the Yippies are equally guilty, but the Mob, even though their tone was less militant than the Yippies, were definitely more "serious" and ser-

ious means conviction and guilt. Words like staff, organization, marshals, fund-raising apparatus, coordinated planning sessions do not easily fit when applied to the Yippies. "Serious" is a word that reflects the establishment, we should consider it verboten. One aspect of the rising revolutionary youth culture is a new use of language. We talk like television commercials, non-linear images are run together in a haphazard way. The evidence of speeches used against us here in the trial has all been translated by undercover agents. It is not the way we talk, not at all, for to reveal the exact way in which we speak would be devastating to the government's case. So although they have multiple-recordings of every speech, press conference and even phone calls, the government needs translators. Speaking in symbolic language is necessary to crack the word mush that the people in this country are exposed to daily. The word competition is fierce. For example, the average person in Amerika within a normal day is exposed to over 1,600 commercials through a mass of billboards, television flashed and colorful spreads in magazines. People who wish to raise the revolutionary consciousness of youth are not the only ones aware of the need for strong imagery in their statements. Spiro Agnew refers to his own speeches as employing "punchy language to create the visual impact desired." George Wallace in his recent campaign for President was full of expressions like "If demonstrators lie down in front of my car, I'm gonna run 'em over." This isn't even advocating self-defense violence such as that supported by the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. Punchy language, it seems, can only be used with impunity by the conspiracy in power. So here in Chicago and probably again in Washington for Conspiracy Number II, we are tried for our language. The language and imagery of our generation is on trial and to this the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam, like the National Mobilization Committee to Improve Our Highways, cannot relate to our language or our culture. No one associated with the Youth International Party will waste energy decrying the minimal spontaneous violence that occurred in Washington. We do not indulge in apologetic language. We are not "responsible." Responsible, like "serious," is in the lexicon of Administration and the Mobilization. Us freaks can't understand what you button-down respectables are talking about. The gulf is wider and deeper now that the Washington Commuter Protest is over . . .

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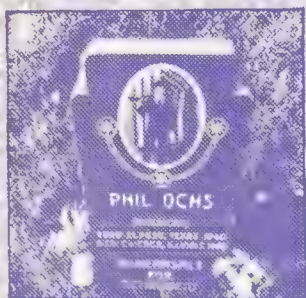
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Cafe Topa 904 W Belmont presents
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Sat.

Jane Addams Theater 3212 NBroadway
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Sat 8:30.

Theater First, Aethenaeum Theater, at
Southport & Oakdale presents 'The Visit'
Fri *8:30; Sat & Sun 7:30

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Magic Latern Society, Dec 4 Potpourri
a mixed bag of films, east coast, many
new, 'Invocation of My Demon Brother'
'Found Film No 1' 'Mammal Palace'
'Tippy Toes' 'Usere Afrikarese' 'Geog-
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Major' 'Breathing' 'Permutations' \$2
7:30 at the Museum of Contemporary
Art 237 E Ontario.

Cinemateque 69 presents films by the
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Union 828 S Wolcott (corner of Polk
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Dec 5 Animation Films 'Neighbors'
'Lifelines' 'A Finnish Fable' 'a'
'Breathdeath' 'Dance of Love' 'Our
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Deux' Call 644-6824

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film Fri Dec 5, 7pm, 656 W Barry Call
477-7488 bet 6 & 8pm

SPECIAL

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Lincoln.

JAZZ The bob Dogan Fred Schwartz
Music Ensemble, Friday Dec 12, 9pm
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\$1.50

College of Complexes, 105 W Grand,
Sat Dec 6, 9pm Rev C Lee Hubbell
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tuition, come early to get a seat. Call
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ART

The Art Institute Ceramic Sale, works
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Sat Dec 6, 9-4pm

COMMUNITY

The West Suburban Women for Peace
will hold a Holiday Bazaar Sat Dec 6 10
am til 4pm at Oak Park Unitarian-Univer-
salist Church at Lake St & Kenilworth.

CRAP
Citizens Revolt Against Pollution Call
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People Against Racism is working for
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Saturdays Women for Peace Vigil on east
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SCLC (Operation Breadbasket) has a free
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Sts and also at Christ the King Lutheran
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Chicago Catholic Worker has regular
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2nd floor front at 8pm.

EARTH READOUT

Two prominent radiation specialists estimate there would be 17,000 additional cases of cancer each year in the U.S.A. if all Americans received the level of radiation dosage presently allowed by the federal government. Thus John Gofman, associate director of the Lawrence Radiation Lab at Livermore, and his colleague Arthur Tamplin call for reduction of "the Federal Radiation Council dose allowable to the population-at-large by at least a factor of 10—to a figure of 0.017 Rads per year, or even less, for peaceful uses of atomic energy."

The statements occur in a paper presented by the two men October 29 in San Francisco at the 1969 IEEE Nuclear Science Symposium. The paper was ignored or overlooked by overground media.

The tone of the paper is sometimes one of ironic understatement. For example:

Thus, if any comments made indicate serious concern on our part about allowable radiation standards for man, then that concern can only be amplified by considerations of the additional burden of genetic disorders in future generations, fetal deaths, and neo-natal deaths resulting from irradiation.

The lab at Livermore is one of two centers in the U.S. for the development of nuclear weapons. That one of its associate directors should take such an outspoken position on radiation levels is probably of great significance to the future of nuclear power in the U.S.

The paper estimates that each new cancer case costs at least \$10,000 a year in the U.S.—or a total of 170 million dollars annually for 17,000 cases. "We submit," Gofman and Tamplin say, "it is far better to appropriate \$170,000,000 additional per year to learn the engineering and biology requisite to conduct the development of nuclear electricity and related peaceful uses of the atom under reduced allowable dose standards for the population. If we stay with the present guidelines we may very well pay the same amount of money or more plus a fantastic cost in human misery and premature deaths."

Keith Lampe --ERO, 439 Boynton, Berkeley California 94707

The October 31 issue of *Science Magazine* carried an editorial unusually reactionary and imminently naive. The editorial occurs below in its entirety; following it are comments by Steve Beckwith, ERO's resident biophysicist:

Recently, the expansion of electric-power-generating capacity has been stopped or delayed at a growing number of points in the United States. These delays are a result of well-intentioned activities that have caused rising public anxiety about the environmental impact of the operation of electric generating stations and, particularly, of atomic generating plants. This concern has solid basis, and in the long run can prove to be socially beneficial.

But concern over environmental effects has now reached a point where those charged with the responsibility of maintaining the needed growth in the energy supply find themselves unable to carry on effectively. Progress on developing hydraulic energy sources is stalled due to concern for the landscape; management is inhibited from constructing fossil-fuel generating plants due to considerations of atmospheric pollution, and in some localities cannot either construct, or operate after construction, atomic energy sources because of concern about the release of radioactive substances to the atmosphere and to water. Another cause for delay is objection to the thermal pollution of the water bodies utilized to condense the exhaust steam. Because of delays in the installation of new generating capacity many major power grids are without comfortable reserves to meet emergencies. And if this opposition to expanding our electric energy supply continues, surely we are going to bring about a catastrophic situation. This we simply must avoid. The implication this carries for our national policy is clear. A major effort is called for to make possible continuing and expanding use of energy by man and to assure compatibility of this energy with a healthy environment.

Three distinct segments of our society need to join in this long-term effort. Foremost is the government of the United States. Through its legislative and executive branches it needs to give leadership in research to evaluate the effects of the polluting

phenomena and to develop both remedial devices and alternatives such as new sources of energy (for example, controlled nuclear fusion), new methods of conversion, new methods of shielding, and new safety measures and devices.

The scientific and technological community has a vital role to play. It, above all others, is in a position to appreciate the importance to the future of our society of placing no obstacles in the way of providing adequate energy. And it must rise to the social challenge of achieving, through knowledge enhanced by research, compatibility between expanding use of energy and environmental health.

The managers of the energy-producing industries must assume their share of the heavy burden of responsibility for maintaining a clean environment, but they must do so without sacrificing efficiency, prudent investment, and responsibility for continuity of production. There is no real occasion for panic provided we set about the task with vigor and determination. Neither is there any need to doubt the feasibility of obtaining both increased energy for man and environmental protection. It may be difficult, but the two are, or can be made, compatible.

--PHILLIP SPORN, Member, National Academy of Sciences and National Academy of Engineering; former President (1947-61) of American Electric Power Co.

The purpose of the above editorial is to co-opt under a technocratic banner the growing ecological consciousness that is demanding an end to the use of growth as a measure for cultural development and supremacy. The critical environmental misadaptation of man is his use of planetary resources at rates greater than the rates of their recycling. This misadaptation is just a cultural evolutionary stage and not yet a total species commitment as in the case of a planetary technocracy which manipulates all of the planet's resources for the benefit of small numbers of white men. Such a planetary technocracy is the Western culture's view of utopia: maximize short-term human happiness at the expense of the future planetary succession. Fortunately the development of eco-consciousness is limiting such utopian visions

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ERO CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

before they totally destroy the planet's evolutionary potential. The technocrats are worried about a "catastrophic situation" which would result from the full planetary implementation of ecological principles as guidelines for human activities. The end of growth as a goal for human culture and growth's replacement by the steady state of environmental harmony is the death knell for all human exploitations whether of other humans through imperialism and racism or of other species through environmental exploitation.

Planetary manifest destiny for man is the result of a diseased cultural adaptation: the use of stored planetary energies in ways destructive of their renewal and the continuity of all life.

The more the energy-generating capacity of this country grows, the more its ability and need to manipulate the environment grows. Our culture feeds itself on the energy content of the planetary ecosystem stored since the biotic genesis long ago. The impact of such manipulations is destructive to the stability of the planet because all such manipulations have been man-centered. Homo Sapiens is just a link in the planetary succession—not the outcome of one. Thus if the species/links which sustain man are selected against by man through his cultural activities the human population becomes self-limiting but more importantly the biotic carrying capacity of the earth (fertility) is diminished. The potential storage capacity for solar energy in the form of living things and their cycling products declines. Thus we reduce the energy available to evolution, and in fact the planet is already regressing: many species already have been extinct and trophic structures simplified.

The need for environmental harmony cannot be co-opted under the shuck of growth for growth's sake, e.g. "efficiency, prudent investment, and responsibility for continuity of production." These words are the rhetoric of an anthropocentric and ecocidal cultural view.

Technological efficiency is antithetical to ecologic efficiency. Ecological efficiency is rooted in the coupling of energy-transfer processes whether within the metabolism of a bacterium or a climax redwood forest. Technologic efficiency is measured by the degree of uncoupling that can be accomplished to produce a product. We are obsessed with a fear of death and decay, which are essential to recycling. Plastics, processed foods, cities, highways, machines—none of these rot, none are sustenance for the life which engenders us.

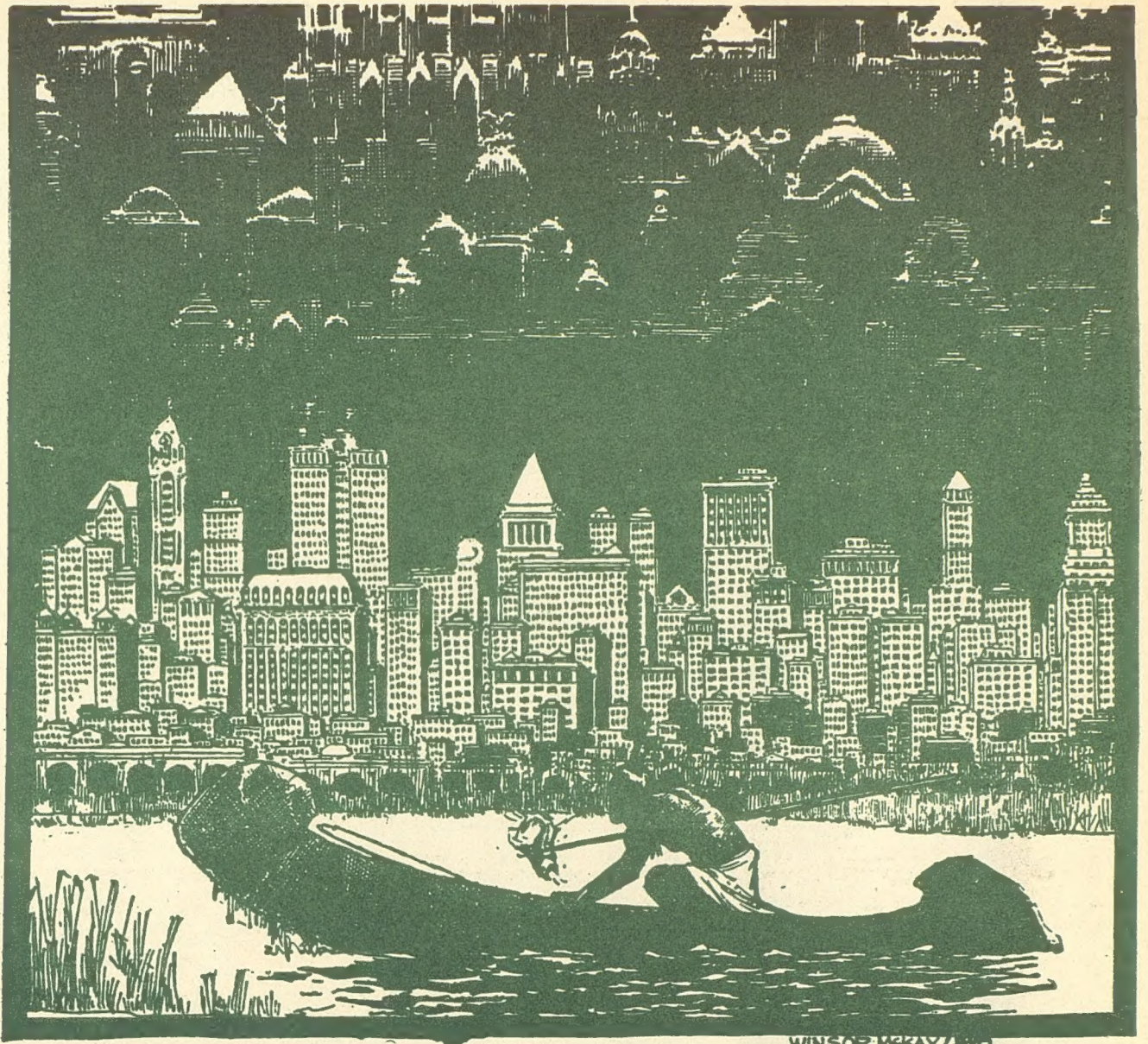
"Prudent investment" implies the availability of environmental surpluses to be exploited for a non-biotic goal: the growth of man's artifices. In a stable, mature eco-system there is no surplus, no waste, everything is recycled.

There has always been "continuity of production" on the planet: primary production (plant growth) from solar energies. The web of living forms evolved in the context of that kind of energy-capture—not in the context of technologic energy generation and manipulation. The by-products of fossil-fuel oxidation and nuclear fission and fusion are by their production alone destructive to the planetary succession. Nuclear by-products are selective forces against the metabolism of all life on the planet.

It is necessary to expand the time perspective of our species to include the results of our activities over at least a millennium. The radioactive half-lives of some of our nuclear fuels are approximately 100 million years. Such nuclear activity is of benefit to war-making and exploitation—our short-range, man-centered goals—but the ecological impact of 100 million years of man-introduced radioactivity has to be considered when we attempt to define new cultural values.

The level of culture a species achieves is a function of the planetary energy it can safely utilize—safely in the evolutionary sense of species-survival and environmental stability. Early man expended his energies in the same region his energies were gathered. This geographic localization (coupling) was at least part of the niche of early man. Technological man gets his energy in one place and uses it in another, thus disrupting regional ecosystems. When we join two regions we don't consider their individual requirements for fertility but only the net man-centered gain to be had from elements of the two taken piecemeal. We have lost our regional consciousness because our food and welfare are tied to sources outside our experience. We no longer live in the environment necessary to our species-survival. We superimpose the relative simplicity of our artificial environment onto the diversity of natural regional environments.

Man's global use of planetary energy reserves is an extreme specialization which is endangering not only Homo Sapiens but the planetary succession of which he is a part.



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New York Post

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Dear Seed,

This is just a short letter to let you know what I think of this war. You see, I am a United States Marine stationed at DaNang with the 1st Marine Air Wing and I am against this war and all wars. I have joined the War Resister's League and have protested at the Great Lakes Naval Base.

Last April 5th I took part in the big peace march in Chicago where 12,000 people showed the establishment what they thought of this war, and I was proud to be a part of it. I have boycotted recruiting offices, high schools, etc. I try to do anything I can to help the peace movement.

I don't take part in the killing of innocent people of this country and I wish this war would end so I could go home to Chicago. This is an illegal and immoral war and the U.S. should not be in it.

Sincerely,
Cpl. W
...1st Marine Air Wing
FPO SF...

Dear Seed,

So here I am outside our hootch digging a bunker (so we can save ourselves when the mortars come). I'm just digging along and clunk—my spade hits a can. Brushing the dirt off the outside of the can I see that it's a Budweiser beer can and I think to myself "what's a Budweiser beer can doing in the ground where I'm trying to dig my bunker?" So then I looked inside the can. Inside the can—now get this—inside the can is a ruffled piece of plastic covering something. So, carefully, I dig out that something and what do I find? The Seed, Volume 4, Number 4!! But then I wonder, "what is the Seed doing in a Budweiser beer can in Vietnamese soil?" and I come to realize that someone must have planted it. Well, it was rolled so very well and covered with the plastic so carefully that I'd never have been able to plant it again—especially in the same spot since I was digging a bunker there (remember?). And if someone had planted it, he must have expected something to grow from it. I was just so confused that I cried. When the Company Commander finally got me settled down, I showed him what I found and tried to explain why I'd been crying. He called me an atheist, communist, and some other names I'd never heard of before. But tell me, "why was the Seed buried?" I'd sure like to hear from you.

Yours,
Sp/4 J
...25th Inf Div.
APO SF...

[Free Seed subscriptions are sent to every man in Nam who writes and requests one, as do most other member papers of the Underground Press Syndicate.]

Dear Seed,

I don't understand why Weatherman violence is a good trip, but cop or other violent pig life.

Isn't violence hurting someone, maybe ruining his life, bad news no matter who does it?

Please explain
Irene Morrison

Dear Seed,

This whole matter of when one uses physical force to protect one's rights and what type of force is a very individual matter, and it is obvious that Jan Baez would never be a Weatherman. However, the movement needs all types providing their general ultimate goals are similar (not necessarily 100% identical) Every species (fish, animals, human and hippies) have their own ecological rights. Every entity on earth has a right to a portion of the land in direct proportion to that entity's size, consciousness, and importance to the numerical whole of the planet's inhabitants. Thus a group of revolutionaries who lack land should get their share by any means necessary AND I AM SURE the Weathermen couldn't use the cold asphalt of Chicago streets for any useful purpose. However, they did demonstrate their disgust with their plastic environment including the smog-belching baby-killing autos they somewhat indiscriminately attacked. I hope the next Weatherman foray will be to take over virgin land owned by rich men with a minimum of physical harm to the presumptuous owners and their hired thugs.

Basil

[This letter was printed in Rising Up Angry, the revolutionary greaser paper, last month. We think it's one of the most right on things we've seen.]

Brothers and sisters,

Okay, we shouldn't vamp on hippies, that's cool. But that doesn't mean we should love 'em or leave 'em alone. Hippies might not be our enemies just like blacks ain't but there's still alot about them that's just as bullshit as the other things we're fighting against. So maybe instead of vampin we should just corner the motherfuckers and talk to them 'til they see our point of view a little more, let them know we're human beings and white too and don't feel uncomfortable about it at all...we'd just like to do something about the motherfuckers that try to use what we are to fuck up other people that never did us any harm to begin with. Maybe if we corner some hippies and let them touch our greasy hair they'll find out it ain't much different from long curly locks or short kinks...at least it never killed anybody. I know sometimes they're afraid of us but it ain't the kind of fear they show for spades because usually they show that by kissing ass...Okay not always. And maybe they know some things we could use...I didn't say we wouldn't listen, I just don't want ANGRY comin on like we have to drop everything and get next to people who never tried very hard to get next to us...we can be gentle with hippies but be tough with their ideas about us till they see where we're at and stop being such snobs about everything that ain't exactly Woodstock. Maybe this is wrong...check it out.

Paddy Cat

Dear Seed:

My favorite definition of liberalism was taught to me by an Old Lefty who has since passed on to that Big Soviet in the Sky: "a liberal is a son - of - a - bitch who sits on a fence deliberating all sides of a question, arriving at his decision just in time to jump on the winning side." This is worth keeping in mind as the tidal wave of reaction to the October Weatherman insurrection here washes over us.

It seems that a lot of people who dig revolution as rhetoric, as life-style, as theater, really get uptight when they are confronted by revolution as revolution. Such people compound this inconsistency by all sorts of intellectual gymnastics. They take refuge in the shabby thesis that the left creates the right, and thus Weatherman is George Wallace's secret weapon. They decry "unprovoked" attacks on police, while the bodies of young brothers murdered by the pigs are not yet cold. From their hue and cry, one would think that it was the Holy Grail that got smashed, instead of a few plate glass windows.

This type of criticism comes as no great surprise. When Bolsheviks financed the revolutionary movement by robbing Tsarist banks before World War I, the Mensheviks were scandalized. The Kennedy-era liberals couldn't hack it when Fidel put Batista's hatchetmen up against the wall without benefit of clergy. When blacks stopped marching and praying, and began shooting and burning, the civil rights types were more outraged than the rednecks.

Among the more vocal critics of Weatherman are some revolutionaries whose activities seem mostly to consist of excommunicating each other with the aid of a small red book. The author of that book was a leader in the Canton Commune of 1927, a Weatherman-type uprising which was drowned in blood, and which brought on its organizers' heads the same kind of shit which has been flung at Weatherman in Chicago. Yet, out of that Canton defeat came the Long March which ultimately led to victory. All along the line of that march, lie the bones of comrades who could not, or would not, understand that a revolution is not a tea party.

It is especially incumbent upon Chicago movement people to understand what was going down here in October, and why that scene is necessarily part of the shape of things to come. Even though we are dealing with a nationwide and worldwide political movement, what develops in Chicago will be heavier than what happens elsewhere in the world. For if America is -- among other things -- the world fortress of fascism and imperialism, Chicago is the citadel of that fortress. It is a city whose contradictions are naked. So is the contempt of the ruling class great here for the people's power, that there is no real attempt to hide the incestuous relationship between the government and the business barons, the exploitation of minorities, the robbery of the poor, the rape of natural resources in the pursuit of maximum profits, the brutalization of youth, and the bankruptcy of public education. All is out in the open, exposed to attack and vulnerable

to the wrath of the people, properly organized and directed. Weatherman understands this truth, and is evidently not afraid to meet the challenge.

There is certainly room for disagreement with Weatherman about tactics, for the exercise of criticism and self-criticism, for supporting revolutionary rhetoric with organization and mass education so that there is minimum diffusion of resources. But the unprincipled character of some of the criticism that has been levelled against Weatherman is almost an assurance that they are into something heavy, because there has never been a successful revolution where the vanguard was not similarly vilified.

Chicago has a rich revolutionary tradition, a tradition of struggle. From Haymarket to Weatherman, blood has been shed in these streets to free the people. Now we are forging an invincible coalition of workers and intellectuals, young and old, black, white, and latin, men and women, students, heads, bikers, greasers -- the nucleus of a people's army whose twin strengths are unity of purpose and diversity of tactics. Weatherman has an honorable role to play in this struggle, cries of pain from the respectable notwithstanding. All power to the people!

Nov. 10, 1969

Mike D.
Chicago Heights, Ill.

To the Editor,

Picture yourself being attacked by a big ferocious man who is swinging a baseball bat at you. Luckily, you're agile, and you don't panic. Breaking off a picket from a nearby fence, you swing back. You are just able to keep him from doing you in completely.

Suddenly, he pauses with his club raised over you, and says, "This is not really my bag. I don't know why I ever made this scene in the first place, but I just can't quit and walk away. What would my friends say? What about my own self respect? I know I've raised a few bumps on your head, you're bleeding badly and there are probably internal injuries, but I'm really a peace loving man. Why do you scoff? I have a plan for disengagement and I am hoping you will cooperate with me.

"Let's pause for just a moment. I'll give my club to my friend -- there who has been cheering me on from the sidelines; he's more your size. I'll just hang around briefly to make certain you give him an opportunity to warm up and then I'll just fade away. In a short time you won't be able to distinguish between the injury I've already done to you and that which he will do. Everyone will forget that I was ever involved and I'll have my peace with honor. Even you might have a kind word for me. What will you gain from my plan? I don't think that is relevant; I'll have stopped hitting you, won't I?

"You don't like my plan? You've got a nerve; all I want to do is be peaceful and you won't cooperate. All right for you -- you think I should just stop hitting you and walk away? You're out of your mind. What is this world coming to anyway?"

Very truly yours,
Marvin Balousek, Sr.

Like, wow!

Thought I'd rite cuz I don't want to blow my fuckin head off my fuckin shoulders, you know, I'm alone and all (more like lonely) which is bad 4 me (considering the position I'm in at the moment.)

Came (went) there to Chicago the other day (a little Joliet freak cum 2 the big city). Shit. Wish you people wouldn't have been in such a fuckin' uptight mood (probably cuz of the TRIAL and all). So I started laughin at everyone down there, & me up there & away. People (my type) takin pictures of me cuz I was laughin. I'm the only one who laffs anymore. Um, it helps, though. I figure cryin only brings you down to the rest of the wallowers, you know. So why not laugh? (unless you're so fucked up that it hurts)

Think I'll join the liberated community of revolution.


Want to read 4 changes, try "The Revolutionary's Handbook."

4 those who strive 4 ideal communities, If I was emporer of Rome, I'd take all those Christians and put em on the island of Crete, & give em all the crosses they needed (a lifetime supply). If I were Pig Pres. of US I'd take those heads & put em on the Island of Crete & give em all the dope they needed (a lifetime supply).

wow zipzap

But I'm not a leader nor a follower (a vegetable, more like) but at least I have enough unvegetarianism -- ambition -- to make these fuckin thoughts.

Love & Peace, Lisa



is this what we're fighting for?